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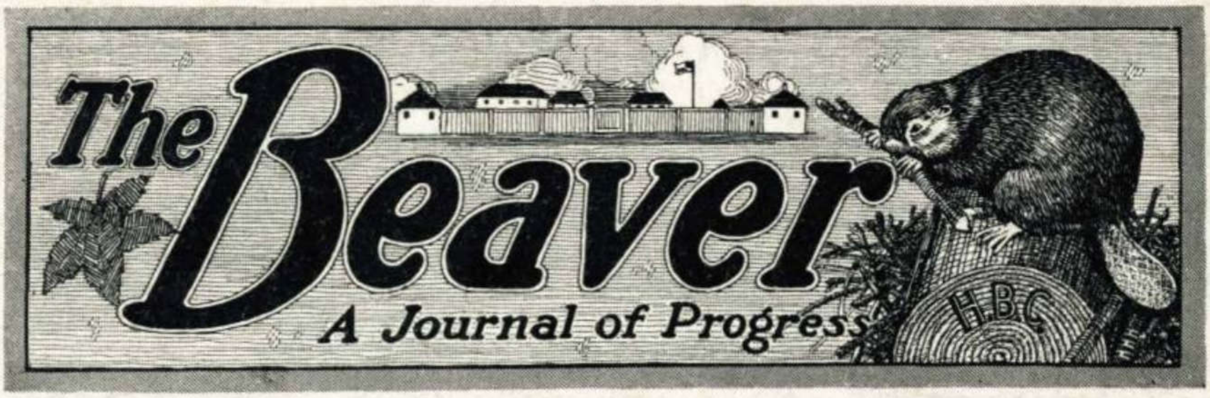

The Beaver

A Journal of Progress

The PIPE OF PEACE

SIR ROBERT KINDERSLEY, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, at Lower Fort Garry, May 3rd, 1920, participating in the ceremony of the Pipe of Peace with Chief Kinnewakan of the Wapheton Sioux at the Red River Pageant, 250th Anniversary of H.B.C.

Two Hundred Fifty-Second Anniversary Number

Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

A British Columbia Study

How the Province Got Its Name—and Memories of Kamloops

By REV. R. G. MacBETH

Author of "Policing the Plains"

ONE cannot take even a short trip in British Columbia without coming upon historic ground. The name "British Columbia" is supposed by most people to have been given to this region by the inhabitants at an earlier date.

In reality the appellation was bestowed upon this outpost of empire by Queen Victoria of immortal memory. Bulwer Lytton, the famous author and publicist, had much to do with the formative period of this western coast country, and it was in official correspondence with him, as a member of her government, that the queen expressed her wishes in the matter of a name for the country.

Queen Victoria then wrote that the only name that seemed to be on all the maps she had consulted was Columbia. But as there was a Columbia in South America and as the people of the United States, in their poetic moods, called their land Columbia, the only course that remained was to place a prefix which would denote the allegiance of the country, and so the queen suggested the name of British Columbia.

And British Columbia the province remains to this day, frankly and proudly British, as evidenced by the fact that no part of the empire, in proportion, gave more lavishly in men and money to help "the old sea mother" when she called on her overseas children for assistance in the recent great war.

Thus there is much interest attached to the name of this province. It was, as recorded, given by the good queen whose long reign brought such great lustre on the empire that it will always be known in history as the Victorian Age—famous in literature, art, science and religion. And no one encouraged these great elements by which empires live so much as the illustrious woman who held her throne secure, "broad-based upon her people's will and compassed by the inviolate sea."

When we visit the different places in British Columbia we come in contact with ground where adventurous feet trod in long years gone by. There, for instance, is Kamloops itself—the scene of our recent visit. Around it we have suggestions of the name and fame of David Thompson, who built a trading post or fort in the locality as far back as 1810.

The well-known river was called after Thompson by that other great explorer, Simon Fraser, who came to the coast by the great stream which bears his name. Kamloops was always a point of importance, being the centre of the Thompson trading district, the rendezvous and place of transfer for the annual brigades passing north and south to and from Fort Vancouver on the Columbia river and, later on, the trading point that connected the interior with Fort Langley, which was founded on the Fraser river in 1837.

Back in my boyhood I knew a man in the Red river country, a school teacher and later a member of the legislature. He rejoiced in bearing the name Alexander Kamloops Black, and was a man of massive mould as well as strong mental power. He bore the name he did because he was born in Kamloops in the days when his father, Samuel Black, a grim, sturdy and devoted Scot, was in charge of that mountain post for the Hudson's Bay Company.

This Alexander Kamloops Black had a son who harked back to the name Samuel after the old Hudson's Bay factor. This younger Samuel was a pupil when I taught school on the Red river, and he had the same sturdy powerful build as his ancestors.

Samuel Black, the elder, who was in charge at Kamloops, was—like most Hudson's Bay men—intensely devoted and loyal to that great fur-trading organization. And like all Hudson's Bay men also, he was the soul of hospitality, delighting to entertain all who came his way. One night Black had as his guest a brother Scot in the person of David Douglas, the botanist, after whom our most famous tree, the Douglas fir, is named. There is a story that the guest rather forgot himself and made some disparaging remark about Hudson's Bay men in general. Samuel Black promptly challenged the scientist to fight a duel. Douglas suggested that it be postponed till the morning. At the hour indicated Black tapped at the parchment window where the botanist was supposed to be in the guest room and called on him to come out and take back what he said or fight. Douglas, however, was not there. He had wisely concluded that he could serve his country better by botanizing than by running risks in a personal encounter with the grim Hudson's Bay factor. Douglas had the good sense to know that he who quarrels and goes away may live to botanize another day. Therefore he had departed at an early hour on his scientific rounds and the storm blew over.

It is gratifying to find parts of the old Hudson's Bay quarters still in Kamloops. The citizens ought to restore these in some degree and keep the place as a small but historic park before modern goths and vandals turn it into ordinary commercial use. We lose much when we become too utilitarian. There is value in sentiment in human life.

Tranquille, British Columbia, is called after a famous Indian chief of the locality some eighty years or so ago. The name calls up the tragedy of Samuel Black's death. Tranquille, the chief, had died after a brief illness, and his nephew, a young Indian blood, got into his head that Samuel Black had "charmed away" the life of his uncle. So this young blood, with the Indian passion for revenge burning hot within him, went armed to the fort and assassinated the old Hudson's Bay man.

Those were stirring days. But every generation has its own part to play upon the world's stage. Thus we all can influence the times in which we live and rejoice in the thought that our efforts will bear fruit in generations to come.

The Establishment of Metlakatla

By C. H. FRENCH

THE Indians of British Columbia, until the arrival of the fur companies, did not have what was called permanent places of abode, but continually shifted from one place to another, looking for the best spot to obtain provisions.

For example, when the great shoal of colichans started for the Naas river, followed by great flocks of seagulls, it was a signal for all canoes to load up and start to the Naas, so as to get their main supply of grease and dried fish. Once seeing this great movement of fish followed by thousands of canoes and millions of seagulls, one can never forget it. It starts first early in March when the river is still frozen over. To place nets, a hole twenty feet long is cut and a few feet lower down a smaller hole is cut.

Moose Factory on James Bay in 1860. Note the old cannon.

The bark net, shaped like a purse, is placed in the upper hole so that the lower part of the net reaches down to the lower hole. The fish go up river, passing the net, but, owing to being weak, as all fish are at spawning time, they slide back down again when the tide turns and when sliding back slip into the net, which is then raised at the lower hole and the fish taken out by canoe loads. This is the camp then until say the end of April or until the run of fish is over, when a move is made to different points on the sea coast, and the Indians live on clams, cockles and other shellfish until the salmon starts to run up the river, when a move is made to different points where fishing could be done to the best advantage.

Metlakatla was the main winter camp until the arrival of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Simpson, which then became the winter headquarters.

Mr. Duncan looked around for a place to establish a home for his mission where he could take his converts, and where he could make and enforce rules and regulations tending to the betterment of the spiritual life of the natives. Metlakatla was his choice, and in the spring of 1862 he took about fifty with him and commenced to build his model city, which was in every particular a success. Being appointed a justice of the peace he was empowered to appoint constables and enforce almost any rule he saw fit to make. Smoking, drinking potlaching, and Sunday work were prohibited. His establishment grew by leaps and bounds until he had a sawmill, cannery, brass band and about five hundred converts, with outpost missions at several places, such as Queen Charlotte Islands and Naas. Mr. Duncan was not ordained; therefore it was necessary to have someone with him who could perform marriage ceremonies.

Mr. Doolan appears to have been the first missionary to perform marriage ceremonies, then Rev. F. L. Tugwell, Rev. Tomlinson and Rev. Collison. It is not hard to imagine that a man, after building up this great institution and holding great power as he did over one thousand followers, would care to submit to other authority, so it is not to be wondered at that when the first bishop arrived in 1879, disagreements arose, resulting in Mr. Duncan taking all those who wished to follow him north to American territory, and commencing to build a new factory. Mr. Tomlinson sided with Mr. Duncan and removed up the Skeena river and built his mission at Meanskinisht.

New Metlakatla, on the American side, sprang into being like magic.

Mr. Duncan visited the United States and solicited assistance from the government to establish a sawmill and cannery. He was granted large sums of money for that purpose. Mr. Duncan knew the Indian character well, and knew that if he told the Indians that the money was for them he could not maintain control over them, and his whole undertaking would be an absolute failure. I am sure he was absolutely honest and did all this for what he thought was the best.

Time went on and the education he was giving the Indians finally was the means of breaking his heart. One of the tribe went out to the States to finish his education, and while there learned that the money that built New Metlakatla had been supplied for the Indians and not for Mr. Duncan's personal account.

When the Indian student returned to his home he called a meeting of the settlement and explained matters, then called Mr. Duncan in and asked him who owned the cannery and wharves. Mr. Duncan made the mistake of still maintaining that it was all his. He did not realize that his Indians were not then the uneducated savages that they were years before.

The Indians telegraphed out asking who owned Metlakatla and they were told that it was theirs, that the money supplied was in trust for them. The United States government sent a man up to examine into matters, but Mr. Duncan again made the mistake of trying to hold things in his name as formerly, and while he showed some of his books, he refused to give them up, or to alter things in any way; therefore another agent was sent up by the government, clothed with authority that compelled Mr. Duncan to turn everything over and from then on the management was taken out of Mr. Duncan's hands and when he died he was a broken-hearted man.

Reminiscences of a Hudson's Bay Company's Factor

Sixty Years of Adventure and Service in Various Sections of the Far North West

By H. J. MOBERLY

(*Continued from last issue*)

CHAPTER XVI

Sir George Calls me "on the Carpet"

BY the time the hunters had all left the post for their hunting grounds the fall was closing in; we proceeded to get in the winter supply of whitefish with which to feed the women and children and the dogs. Nine or ten thousand fish was considered a sufficient quantity, most of which we speared from a bar between an island and a point on the mainland. The water was from three to four feet deep. The fish were spawning, and so thick that the lake bottom was scarcely visible. It was simply a matter of sending down the spear and bringing it up with one or two and sometimes three fish at a time.

The run appeared to commence at dusk and finished about midnight, when we ceased spearing as the fish grew scarce. We used birch bark for *flambeux* torches and seldom secured less than a thousand fish each calm night during the whole spawning period. The nets were kept going at other places on the lake where the fish were not so numerous, so before the water froze over we had obtained all we required. The missionaries and the halfbreeds were all carrying on the same business, getting in their winter stock of fish.

On my first going out to spear fish, an opposition free trader, an old clerk of the Hudson's Bay Company who had left the service and who was accustomed to spearing, thinking me green at the work, planned a joke on me. He challenged me for the night. We were to take an equal number of birch bark torches, were to land our canoes to unload three times only, and he who had the most fish at the end was to take the whole catch. He was quite unaware that some years before I had had experience spearing fish by *flambeux* on Lake Simcoe, Ontario.

So, as it turned out in the morning when the fish were counted, my opponent was much disgusted to find that I had nearly two hundred more than he.

The way I had managed the result was like this: When the last torch was nearly burned out, the canoe about full, I ordered my man to get into the water, I doing the same. It was pitch dark and nobody could see our movements, so I continued stabbing fish until informed by my man that the canoe would hold no more, when each of us, seizing an end, waded with it to shore.

By the time everything was ready for the winter it had commenced to snow, so the dog trains were got in order with which trips were made from camp to camp in every direction collecting furs and hauling moose and buffalo meat, and I had the melancholy pleasure and distinction of hunting what I believed was the last woods buffalo ever killed in that locality. These buffalo were different from those of the prairie and at this time were quite numerous in many places. Their horns were larger, their fur was thicker, and as a rule the animals were larger generally. Most of these buffalo were killed off by hunters during a few winters of deep snow. They simply speared them, killing them just for the fun of the thing. A remnant still exists within a range reaching from Great Slave lake to the Rockies. They number, in rough count, about three hundred and fifty head, which the government is trying as far as possible to protect.

I passed the winter of 1856-57 at my post, with a couple of trips south of the Saskatchewan in search of buffalo meat; and at Christmas a run to Edmonton with dogs, remaining till the day following New Years. I also paid occasional visits to the Indian camps. Being a good traveller and having a splendid train of dogs, I enjoyed dog driving even more than hunting.

The winter passed uneventfully, and in spring the furs were all packed and we left for the Snake hills in time to meet the brigade from Edmonton. On its arrival the day after we reached there, an order was delivered from Sir George Simpson that I with another clerk (one of Sir George's sons) should come down to Norway House. I boarded one of the boats, accordingly, and proceeded without unnecessary delay to Fort Pitt, where the other clerk was in charge. From Fort Pitt he and I travelled to Norway House in the same boat, wondering much why we were sent for.

When we arrived Sir George called me into his private room and astonished me by expressing surprise that I was in the habit of going on sprees with the Indians. I promptly denied the charge and requested the name of his informant. Sir George replied that Mr. Swanston had told him that last fall at the Snake hills I had distinctly announced my intention of remaining behind my brigade to have a good spree with the Indians.

I at once explained that Mr. Swanston had misunderstood my meaning, that "to drink with the Indians" was the common expression for a "rum trade," in which the Indian got the rum and his white brother got the furs. On hearing my explanation, Sir George burst out laughing and told me to continue drinking with the Indians as much as possible, adding that I must be sure to come out of the spree with plenty of fine buffalo tongues.

I was then directed to take charge of two boats going to Carlton. The crews belonged to Cumberland district and had been misbehaving very greatly for the last two seasons; in fact the young clerk in charge had no authority over them whatever. Sir George told me to take a few of our "bullies" with me and give the misbehaving crews a good lesson, but to be sure and render the cargoes at Carlton.

With the daredevil Cumberland crews I accordingly set forth. As the men all came from *Le Pas,* I could do nothing in the way of a lesson till we reached Fort a la Corne and were a safe distance above their homes. I had taken only one "bully" with me, Jack Norris, a Scotch gypsy, but he was a man who did not know fear and enjoyed a fight more than a good dinner. We rode along the river bank on horse-back abreast of the brigade.

At Fort a la Corne I gave some orders that I knew would start the fun. Taking me for a greenhorn, the men promptly disobeyed and jumped ashore, upon which I told them that they were deserters and should not go aboard again, and that they would lose their pay for the trip. There were some seventeen or eighteen of them, and they thought themselves strong enough to have their own way; but to their astonishment, Jack Norris, whom they had also supposed a greenhorn and treated as such all the journey, was among them like a shot and before they could realize their mistake half a dozen of them were suffering from sore noses and black eyes. We landed the cargoes and, leaving the men to find their way home the best way they could, took our horses and rode to Carlton, where I left orders to send two crews down to bring the boats and cargoes.

We procured fresh horses at Carlton and again at Fort Pitt and rode through back to Edmonton. The mutineers, who had been too much impressed to meddle with Company's property while we were gone, proved ever after the most obedient "trippers" (as *voyageurs* in my time were called) that could be found.

This was the year the Earl of Southesk made his famous hunting trip through the Saskatchewan up to the Rockies at the McLeod river, down the mountains south of the North Saskatchewan, and back again over the prairie country to Winnipeg (then termed simply Red river).

I was under instructions from Sir George to "lose no time" and keep ahead of his Lordship's party, and to give orders and arrange for his reception at the various posts. It was a commission after my own heart. On reaching Fort a la Corne, I found I was well ahead of the Earl and could easily keep the lead, but, being in somewhat of a characteristic hurry to reach Edmonton, I took advantage of the governor's instructions "to lose no time," which gave me the right to choice of horses during the journey. I therefore selected five of the very best animals in the herd at Fort a la Corne, two each for myself and Jack Norris, with another to carry our grub and blankets, and thus equipped we left the fort at daylight, reaching Carlton in time to camp.

There were no such things as bridges or ferries at that time, so, when we came to the south branch of the Saskatchewan, we stripped and swam across with the horses. Before morning, five good fresh horses were ready, and next night we camped at Jackfish Lake. The following night found us at Fort Pitt. Next day with fresh horses we made Butte Noir, where we camped; then to the Old Man's Knoll, and early on the morning of the sixth day we entered Edmonton, having travelled a distance that has seldom been done on horseback in the like space of time. From Fort a la Corne to Edmonton usually required ten days' fair riding. On this occasion, carrying the express ahead of the Earl of Southesk, we did the journey in five days and two hours, and had not the horses given out two hours short of Edmonton would have done it within the even five days.

From Edmonton, after a few days' rest, I returned on horseback to my post at Lac la Biche, where I remained till I thought it time to proceed to Fort Pitt to meet the brigade with the winter's goods from Hudson Bay.

CHAPTER XVII

Opening the Jasper Trail

Waiting at Fort Pitt, three of us decided a day or two after I got there to ride down to meet the boats.

I took with me Louis Chastillain, an old hand who held the position of postmaster, with another half-breed and met the boats about ten miles above the mouth of Battle river, bringing Chief Factor W. J. Christie, who had come up to take charge of the district.

This officer had been in charge of Swan River some years before and was well acquainted with the Manitoba parts of the country. He decided to leave the boats and ride with us. So the half-breed was ordered into a boat while Mr. Christie mounted his horse and we rode in company till camping time.

HUNTSMAN'S prize in the "strong woods" country of Northern Ontario; dragging a big "jumper" buck to camp through aisles of hoary pines. Venison for supper and a fine head for the club back home!

We camped with the brigade and next morning Mr. Christie, Chastillain and I again took to horse. Just before midday we saw three buffalo bulls close to the edge of the bank and Mr. Christie proposed that we shoot one.

When we were sufficiently close, I ordered Chastillain to push ahead and kill one of the bulls. He was almost upon them when his horse put his foot into a badger hole, and down he went. The man fell on his head and lay in a half-dazed condition, so I urged my horse forward and put a ball in one of the old bulls, which ran a few paces to within almost thirty yards of the bank face and then stood at bay.

Mr. Christie was very desirous that we drive the animal to the edge of the bank so that his wife could see him shooting it, but in spite of all we could do the bull stood his ground and we were obliged to kill him on the spot.

Owing to certain appointments that had been made at Lac la Biche, I now refused to return to the post. Jasper House two winters before had been in charge of one of our clerks. He was no hunter and had no authority with his men, consequently he starved a good deal. For reason of his poor success, in the summer, most of the wild horses had been removed to Edmonton, and when winter set in again the horsekeeper only was sent up to bring the remainder of the horses and to supply the Iroquois with ammunition, at the same time acquainting them of the fact that the post was being abandoned. The Sushwaps accordingly had been since going to the west side of the Rockies for their supplies, while the Iroquois of that region came to Lac St. Anne and Fort Assiniboine.

Having myself spent a summer at Jasper House, I felt convinced that the Iroquois would return to that post if it were re-established. So I made the offer to Mr. Christie who was delighted and accepted.

I sent word to the Iroquois advising them to "pitch up" in different directions hunting, and when short of ammunition or other supplies to come to Jasper House. I then took some forty-five horses with an outfit and started for the post with my cook and his wife, a French Canadian horse-keeper, and six young Iroquois.

We had a good road as far as Lac St. Anne, and from there on, via Island Lac, to the Pembina we followed an Indian "pitching" trail. We made our own way to the crossing at the Grand Rapids, and from there took one of the old hunting trails to Lac Brule and Jasper House. At times we had to cross swamps, muskegs, and fallen timber, making less than five miles a day. Other days we made twenty-five or thirty miles. This was the first time a pack train was ever taken up to Jasper House, and what is now known as the "Old Jasper Trail" was opened by myself.

The snow was about six inches deep on the ground when we got through, being well on in November, and we had just half a bag of pemmican left of our grub. The houses, from being so long uninhabited, were in need of considerable attention, requiring re-mudding in the chinks between the logs, chimney repairing, new parchment in the windows (glass in those days being unknown) and sundry other jobs of like nature.

The day after our arrival, I sent five of the poorest horses in charge of two Iroquois to the valley on the upper part of the Smokey river, where they would find good feeding during the winter. Leaving the cook, horse-keeper and an Iroquois to put the place in order, I, with the three other Iroquois and ten horses, went up the valley to where a small stream flows in on the west side of the Roche Jack, the first mountain on the left side of the valley looking up stream. We followed the stream up to where the spurs of four mountains meet, all four with any number of bighorn sheep upon them, they being in the habit of seeking the salt-licks early in the morning and again late in the evening.

It was late when we got back to camp but one of the Iroquois had killed a nice three-year-old ewe, which, after our long subsistence on dried provisions, was vastly enjoyed. I would hardly like to say how many roasts we cooked or how much mutton we polished off between night and morning.

The next day we got seven more bighorn, the meat of which I sent home by two of my Iroquois, instructing them to spend a few days below Lac Brule and try to get a moose. The following morning we secured two more bighorn and a goat, and then started on our return to the post.

On this hunt we had muzzle-loading smooth bore guns only, of twenty-eight calibre, and could not kill at any great distance. There were hundreds of sheep in sight, and had we possessed rifles such as are in use at this day we could have killed enough to last us through the whole winter.

Some three days after arriving home, the men I had sent after moose returned with a moose cow and her calf, so we had a pretty good stock of meat to begin with, and all the time I was in subsequent charge of Jasper House we never knew what it was to be short in any degree.

The two Iroquois who had been sent to pasture those of the horses in poor condition returned with them in good shape. Little remaining for the men to do, I paid off four of the Iroquois, sending them to join their families, who were pitching along from Lac St. Anne. I and the two remaining Iroquois hunted almost every day, sometimes killing, and sometimes climbing all day and getting nothing.

Jasper House is situated inside the first great range of mountains. After leaving Burnt Wood lake the road runs over a spur of the mountain of that name and down to a valley some three or four miles long by a half to three-quarters of a mile broad. The entrance to the pass is very narrow. On the south from the river edge rises the Roche Mayette. This mountain is very steep to where the woods end, and still steeper to the limits of vegetation, after which, on three sides, it rises for hundreds of feet smooth and perpendicular, looking for all the world like a great castle commanding the pass. On the north side stands Roche Range, a long narrow mountain, topped by a pointed rock. It is not quite as high as Roche Mayette, as the river is crooked where it leaves the pass and the mountains overlap. The post appears as if completely surrounded by mountains with no outlet in any direction. Towards the west nothing but mountains can be seen, rising higher and higher. On the north side the valley of the Assiniboine river runs about twelve miles; with another valley about five miles long on the south, blocked by a small detached mountain.

Just above where the houses were built, the river at low water spreads out into numerous channels and sand bars, which at high water become quite a lake. On the south side of this there is a long sandy range, a few yards wide with a narrow channel across. At high water this strip is submerged and becomes a lake of beautiful clear water. During the high water small-sized whitefish enter, remaining there when the water has receded. They weigh from one to one and a half pounds and are delicious eating. The water is in no place more than eight feet deep and as clear as crystal. On a bright sunshiny day, a person standing on the top of the hill above could see every fish and weed in the lake.

From about Christmas, the different families of Iroquois began to arrive at the post, bringing their hunts of furs and provisions. From among their number I engaged regular hunters, providing them with horses for carrying the meat, and they "pitched" off along the foothills to the north and south of the Athabasca.

These Indians all had bands of ponies of their own which, having been raised in the mountains, were almost as surefooted as the sheep themselves.

The Iroquois had received orders to procure for me some bull moose skins, dressed to parchment, which, in the spring, I got them to make into a large canoe for me, the seams being sewn with sinews and rubbed with tallow. In this canoe I travelled with eight men who were to go through to York Factory, besides the cook, and all the furs, leather and provisions—some eighteen packs, of ninety pounds each. Thus loaded we ran down to Fort Assiniboine, whence we proceeded, with horses as usual, to Edmonton. This was at the close of the winter of 1858-59.

On arriving at Edmonton, I was told by Chief Factor Christie that he wanted me to go on with the brigades to York Factory. As I had made all arrangements for the summer with the hunters at Jasper House, there was nothing to demand my presence there; so I at once joined the brigades, and, after the usual pulling, drifting and sailing, we reached Norway House on the way to York Factory. Here the brigades were separated into four boats, each leaving in succession one day apart. This was done in order to avoid the

M. L. MANNING, apprentice clerk at Lake Harbor post on the Labrador, is a representative type of the lads entering the modern fur trade service of the Company.

delay and confusion of too many crossing the narrow portages at once.

I had charge of the last brigade. We proceeded all night to as far as the rapids well named "Hell's Gate." Just at the foot of the rapids rose a nasty rock which had to be avoided by a very sudden turn. One of the steersmen missed the turn and his boat came broadside onto the rock. The next boat was so close behind that it ran into the first one, both being badly smashed and filled with water. All the packs were wet. We had to delay three days drying them out and patching one of the boats, the other boat being so badly damaged that we burned her.

We reached York Factory on the coast at the mouth of the Nelson river without further trouble.

York Factory, before the building of the Canadian Pacific railway which connected the west to the east by modern rails and changed the old established routes of trade and travel, was the place where all the supplies for the Hudson's Bay Company posts east of the Rockies and west of Fort William, including McKenzie river, Athabasca, Peace river, Saskatchewan and Churchill rivers and part of the Red River Settlement were landed from the Company's ships. Consequently it was the most important post in the north. It is situated at the mouth of the Nelson river. In consequence of the shallowness of the water in the harbour and for two miles out, the vessels from England were anchored in what was called the "Five-fathom Hole," two miles out, and the goods were brought ashore in flat-bottomed boats drawing not more than four feet of water when loaded.

(*To be continued*)

IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE POINT OF VIEW.

"Tis a mirror of heaven," said the Poet.

"A bath for my plumage," quoth the Sparrow.

"H_2O with aluminate of silica and other foreign matter in suspension," corrected the Scientist.

"A job for me," grumbled the Road Sweeper.

"It's a horrid puddle," peeped the Maiden with expensive shoes and hosiery.

"A home from home," was the opinion of the Tadpole.

Airplane Visits Moose Factory

By GEORGE FINDLAY

THE first winter air flight to James Bay with a heavier-than-air machine was accomplished by Captain Maxwell, of Hamilton, Ontario, accompanied by Mr. St. Martin, of Montreal, February 5th with the biplane G. on C.A.A.E.

They had left New Post about 10 that morning and arrived at Moose an hour later. Their actual flying time from Cochrane was two hours.

The airplane, which had skis fitted, alighted in a field at the back of the post. The snow was hard, making very fine landing ground.

Before the airplane left the whole population turned out, despite the keen biting wind and a temperature some degrees below zero. A slight delay was experienced when the oil in the engine froze. An application of the blow-torch remedied matters, and at the first swing the propeller raced round, gathering speed with every revolution.

Then the airplane taxied across the field, and with a beautiful take-off, lifting imperceptibly on a slight incline, began climbing; then, turning and with a due south course, it raced away until lost from sight.

This is the first of a series of flights between Cochrane and the Bay which are to be made during the winter and summer by these pilots.

History Notes

By H. M. S. COTTER

THE following extracts are interesting at this distance of time: "Furs were worn by Henry I about A.D. 1125. Edward III enacted that all persons who could not spend £100 a year should be prohibited this species of finery, 1337."

That His Majesty who granted the Royal Charter to the Company was an exceedingly busy king is proved by the following: "Charles II, during his reign, touched nearly 100,000 persons for King's Evil. In 1682, he performed the rite 8500 times and, in 1684, the throng was such that six or seven of the sick were trampled to death. The expense of the ceremony was little less than £10,000 sterling a year."

It would appear from the above that the present-day dollar "touch" was cradled many years ago!

"There Were Giants Among Them"

WHO was physically the most powerful man ever in the northern fur trade service of the Hudson's Bay Company? Old timers in the service will have met or "heard tell of" at least one extraordinary man among the fur traders of old.

For example, H. M. S. Cotter, of Cumberland House, remembers Chief Trader Keith McKenzie on the Labrador coast in the nineties. McKenzie was six feet six inches tall. His house was but five feet nine inches in length. As he objected to being coiled up like a snake when he slept, he sawed a hole in the wall and nailed a packing case on the outside to accommodate his feet. McKenzie could lift a 56 pound weight with his little finger and holding it at arm's length could write his name on the wall.

If you can vouch for the truth of a story concerning remarkable size, strength or feats of H.B.C. men, send it in.

Northern Steamer Ready

By W. M. CONN

THE Company's new steamer *Athabasca River* will be ready for service this month.

The vessel is of the stern-wheel type and the hull is built of B.C. fir. The length of the hull is 146 feet with a beam of 36 feet and the cargo capacity is computed to be 150 tons on a draft of 3 feet.

The boiler and engines were built by the Polson Iron Works of Toronto. The cylinders have a diameter of 15 inches and the stroke is 72 inches. The boiler is built to carry a working pressure of 210 pounds.

The steering gear is steam of the Turner pattern and in addition to electric light throughout a powerful searchlight forms part of the equipment.

The speed of the vessel is estimated at 13 knots loaded, in calm water, and in addition to the deck cargo a 200 ton freight barge will be handled.

There is saloon accommodation for fifty-eight passengers and the appointments and conveniences of the steamer are good and up to date.

The steamer will ply on the Athabasca River from Fort McMurray, the head of steamer navigation, to Fort FitzGerald on the Slave river, where the freight is transported by teams sixteen miles to Fort Smith for transshipment down the MacKenzie river and the lower Peace river.

The equipment and appointments, combined with her speed and power, place the *Athabasca River* in the position of being the premier vessel on the Athabasca-MacKenzie route.

$25 Prize for a Short Story

FOR the best fiction short story of not less than 1000 or more than 1500 words *The Beaver* offers a prize of $25 cash.

Almost every one of us has felt at some time or other *the urge* to write. Perhaps you have had a plot in mind that you have intended to develop. Now is the time to do it.

Professional critics from outside the service will judge the stories. Prize winner and story will be published in a later issue of *The Beaver*.

RULES OF CONTEST

1. None outside the H.B.C. service may compete.
2. No story may be less than 1000 words or more than 1500 words.
3. Stories must be connected in some way, through characters or plot, with the present day activities or history of H.B.C.
4. Stories may be based on fact or history, but must take the form of fiction with a real plot. Biography or travelogue or diary not eligible.
5. Closing date for submitting stories for the contest is July 15th, 1922.

Get busy *now* and see what kind of a *best seller* you can produce, besides winning possibly $25 for vacation.

ORIENTAL CYNICISM

"Music," says the *Times of India*, "is now declared to have great curative values. Yet many attribute much of their pain and anguish to Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March'."

AN ODE TO TROUT LAKE

By E. B. Shelton

Behind a clump of poplars
Stand quietly in state
A bunch of wooden buildings
Which number up to eight.

On a lovely wooded island
At the end of two large bays
Where the splash of the trout and jack-fish
Is heard through the morning haze.

It's not a young man's pleasure camp
Where sporting ladies stay:
It's just a a busy trading post
Run by the Hudson's Bay.

In the calm still summer mornings
The Loon's weird hailing cry
Rings like a mystic whistler
To the distant azure sky.

The trees with their summer coating
Cast colours fast and clear
On a lake that's like a mirror
Not a hundred yards from here.

Sometimes the splash of a muskrat,
Sometimes the cry of a fawn,
Will break the deathly stillness
And herald the coming dawn.

Then autumn creeps upon us
With its cold and chilly morns;
And the lake with its surroundings
Its like a world just newly born.

It's a man's world to the corners
Where no crooked trails are found
On this blissful little island,
With its water belt all round.

Then to this peaceful home-site
Comes Winter cold and blue;
But still we're always cheerful,
Though we number only two.

It's the spirit of camaraderie
That holds us pals for good,
And through the winter's hardships
Side by side we two have stood.

They can say we have the wanderlust
And tell us stories long,
But if once they seen our island home
They'd find that they were wrong.

I've seen large and classy dwellings
Built on artistic streets,
With their inmates never happy:
They're all such counterfeits.

They can have their stately castles,
With domes and gardens too;
As here we have from nature
The things which make life true.

Here on our little island,
Care-free, light and gay,
We wile away the pleasant hours
In our fort of the Hudson's Bay.

The Life of Ne-Gua-Nan-I-Sew

By O-GE-MAS-ES (*Little Clerk*)

(All rights reserved)

SUCH a handsome, good-natured, bright young Cree Indian he was when he first traded with me in 1884! We soon became fast friends and called one another Neshtow (meaning brother-in-law), an Indian term of endearment. He camped at my house a number of times and was the delight of my young children. In fact he always had an interested audience of old and young when telling Indain fables of the beginning of things, most of which I regret to say I have forgotten. How the loon received its handsome coat and powers of diving, and the beaver was granted almost human powers of intelligence. In regard to the beaver, it was a tradition amongst the Crees that at one time they were human beings, but, having offended the Great Spirit, speech and the human form were taken away from them. Then there was a history for the bear, the wolf and, worst of all criminals amongst animals, the dreaded wolverine, who is the terror both of the white man and the Indian trapper.

Neshtow at this time, so he informed me, was very much in love with a pretty Indian maiden called Tannis, a daughter of the South-Wind, and on his visits to my trading store I could tell at once if the course of true love had been running smoothly or not by his good spirits or the reverse. It appeared there was a rival named A-ke-a-penas who, though a good deal older, was very much better off in this world's goods and consequently appealed more to the young girl's mother. His appearance, however, did not appeal to Miss Tannis at all, as owing to the bursting of a gun his cheek bone had been broken, which gave him a sinister expression, and further he was a dour natured Indian at the best of times, in fact, a complete contrast to sunny-tempered Neshtow.

Mrs. South-Wind however, like many mothers, was anxious to see her pretty daughter make a good match, so there was the opposition of the parents to contend with. Tannis however finally brought matters to a show-down by telling Neshtow if he was a man at all they must elope, as she positively refused to consider marrying Broken Face, as the rival was commonly called. He came in and told me the whole story and asked what I would do under the same circumstances. "Why, take the girl, of course," was my reply.

It was the height of the berry season and all the Indian women were busily engaged in picking and drying saskatoon berries for winter use. The plan was arranged that Tannis was to steal away from her comrades and meet her sweetheart at a place selected, he to have two ponies there. Everything went off smoothly, and some days afterwards the newly-married couple paid me a visit. There was no wedding ceremony, my dear reader, as these were both pagan Indians; simply living together made the bond quite as secure, in fact very much more secure than many white weddings. Tannis made a very pretty bride and in fact they were a handsome couple, but as yet did not even own a home in the shape of a tepee, so they had simply spent their honeymoon, like our first parents, in the open air of heaven. Neshtow finally appealed to me for some advances, notably sufficient duck to make a tepee and then various other necessities, and, though my stock of trading supplies was very low at the time, I could not refuse and advanced them debt to a moderate extent, all of which eventually was repaid.

Time went on and in due course a baby arrived, and this proved the means of a reconciliation with the old folks, who had missed their daughter extremely and could not help liking her husband, as every one did, for his sunny, bright ways. He was not a star hunter by any means, but a most cheerful worker and, his little mate being very tidy, it was a pleasure to visit and camp in their well kept tepee. The little grandchild lived and thrived for a year or so and then died, much to the grief of all the relatives. The medicine man had used all his remedies for months without effect, and they finally brought the child to me, but my medical skill was not sufficient to diagnose the disease. No less than three children were born to this young couple in the next four or five years, all of whom lived and thrived for a few months or so, then faded and died. In vain were pagan rattles and offerings to appease the Mutchi-Manitou (evil spirit), and the young parents became very sad and despondent, thinking they were under an evil spell.

With the last baby they lost I had them camp close to my house when the child was about six months old and, after much persuasion made the mother wean the babe and bring it up on diluted cows' milk and some other infants' food which my wife had procured. Alas, it all led to the same result, and when both came in to me with their hair dishevelled, their faces blackened and literally in sackcloth and ashes, my heart went out to them in great sympathy and we wept together.

It is one of the saddest things to live alone in the wilderness and to be unable to help in times of severe illness when one realizes that with the resources of civilization precious lives might be often saved. Not only when sympathizing with poor Neshtow, but when my own family needed better medical skill than I could give them, I took a vow, and it was this: That if ever a town grew up in the vicinity of my land there were two things I would try to get built as soon as possible, first a church for the worship of the only true God and then a hospital, and I am thankful to say I have lived to see them both established.

About this time, in the nineties, a young coloured doctor from Chatham, Ontario, had settled in Kinistino some thirty miles west of my homestead and was practising his profession there and visiting the scattered settlers with much success. This was glad news for me, and I drove up and called on him at the first opportunity and we soon became fast friends. He was much interested in the Indians, and when I told him of the death of Ne-gua-nan-i-sew's children and described the symptoms he made me promise that if another child was born to this couple it was to be brought up to him for examination.

On my next visit to Neshtow and his poor sad wife they listened with the greatest eagerness to my tale of the new doctor, and were rather amusing when I described his colour. "Ah," they said, "if a white doctor's medicine is strong, why a black doctor's must be stronger!" However, they promised faithfully if a new baby came they would surely follow my advice. A year or so elapsed and in they came with a fine little baby girl tied in the moss bag and resembling her mother very much, both anxious to see the new medicine man. So, we all went up to Kinistino, I going as interpreter. After a careful examination the doctor gave certain instructions, and these they promised faithfully to carry out; then in three months' time, and in fact every three months for at least a year, they were to bring the babe in for another medical examination. At about the age of two the doctor performed a slight operation for tubercular gland. The child throve and the parents were immensely grateful. This girl baby gradually developed into a fine handsome young woman who went to school at Emmanuel college, was the pride and delight of her parents and through her efforts they both became converted to Christianity. In the meantime two other children were born to Neshtow and, being duly treated by Dr. Shadd, grew up fine youngsters. A happier, more contented Indian family you could not find. But, alas, the sequel of this true tale proves "in the midst of life we are in death."

The season was early fall following an extremely dry summer, and Neshtow and all his family were camping in the hills south of Ethelton; the country was broken and *brule,* tremendous growth of grass with much dead old bottom; for days the atmosphere had been smoky. Suddenly a heavy gale of wind arose, and Neshtow finally decided to make for the open country, but in every direction they tried to proceed fire or dense smoke headed them back. Finally, in despair he set all hands to make as big a clearing as possible, also to dig a hole (axes the only tools) to shelter them if the fire swept over the camp. Then he hobbled and threw his two ponies and covered their heads up with a blanket. How they all worked in spite of the awful heat and suffocating smoke! Then with a roar the actual fire was on them, and one by one he saw his dear ones die. Reckless of his own life he clasped them in his arms to extinguish the burning garments, but his loved wife, his brilliant daughter and the two young children all perished. When a rescue party arrived he was still conscious, though very badly burned. They insisted on taking him down to the doctor, but his wish was to die and join his loved ones, the quicker the better.

I was not present when they brought the poor maimed child of nature into Dr. Shadd and laid him on a couch. After a short examination the doctor pronounced the case hopeless, and when they told poor Neshtow this he thanked God and, calling to his friends who had rescued him, he dictated his last wishes, that sufficient of his goods be sold to meet his debts; sent a special message of good will to me; then, folding his poor burnt arms across his chest, with a cheery "goodby, doctor," thus perished Ne-gua-nan-i-sew, a gallant Indian gentleman.

Fortunately, some years before the date of the wiping out of this family old South-Wind and his wife had died, so they were spared much grief.

Indian Prevention of Bush Fires

Old South-Wind was my first Indian friend in the Stony Creek country (now Melfort district) and not only selected my first location but gave me much kind and sound advice, for to me it was a new country. His forefathers for generations back had made this district their hunting grounds and he pointed out to me with pride the fact that all the first growth timber was still standing untouched by fire. When I asked him what I should do in regard to this preservation of the green woods, which of course meant saving the fur, he said:

"Just as soon as the snow goes off in the spring and the grass on the ridges is dry put out your fires; the snow is still in the woods and no harm will result; then later on, as the hay swamps dry up and you have the ridges surrounding them burnt off, do the same to the hay."

I followed the old Indian's advice from 1883 to 1893 without losing a stick of green timber. But in the year 1893 a number of settlers came in and, when I was burning the ridges in the spring of 1894, one of these men who came from North Dakota, warned me that he had been appointed a fire guardian and that I would be "pulled" if I did not stop putting out spring fires. I tried to show the new men the folly of this but without success; so for two or three years the old grass collected until it formed a mat on the ground over a foot thick. Then one of their number let a fire out in a dry fall. Many of these new settlers lost their buildings, several barely escaping with their lives, and two young Indians perished in the hills. Millions of feet of good green timber were burnt and some thousands of acres of black soil burnt clean down to the clay sub-soil, and naturally the fur-bearing animals were wiped out.

This law from Regina may have suited southern ranchmen, but it was a positive evil in this country where more grass grows on one acre than on ten or twenty in the south. Our legislators should have had old South-Wind at their councils.

We few settlers became exhausted in trying to check this awful fire and appealed to the Mounted Police for assistance. Help was promptly and effectively given us, as usual with that noble body of men.

"BIBLE BEES" COMPETITION

Result

First Prize—Mr. G. H. Gates, Dept. F, Calgary.
Second Prize—Miss F. Louise Waters, Office Staff, Nelson, B.C.
Third Prize—Miss Emma Brown, Wholesale, Winnipeg, Man.

Honourable Mention

Mr. J. Fielding, Nelson.
Miss A. M. Knappett, Victoria.
Mr. N. M. W. J. McKenzie (author of "The Men of the Hudson's Bay Company"), Fort William, Ontario.
Mr. T. Orr, Estevan, Sask.
Mr. A. J. Reid, Kamloops.

THE speed with which solutions came in from various points proves conclusively that the Company which sent out Reverend John West just over a century ago has reason to be proud of the number of Bible students amongst its staff. Many of the Winnipeg solutions were received the first and second day after the distribution of *The Beaver*.

A good many passages of Scripture were given in the various solutions received over and above those which, in our opinion, are the correct replies. However, after careful comparison it was decided that they could only be admitted as parallel passages. One competitor gave as answer to No. 9, Matthew 25: 35. While it is incorrect, it is certainly a powerful endorsement of Hebrews 13: 2. Various other texts given in this paper show that the writer would be a difficult person to defeat on questions relating to the Holy Scriptures.

The Solution

1. First Peter 1, 15.
2. First Peter 3, 8.
3. First Peter 3, 15.
4. First Peter 4, 7.
5. First Peter 5, 5.
6. First Peter 5, 8.
7. Second Peter 3, 14.
8. First Thessalonians 5, 14 and James 5, 7.
9. Hebrews 13, 2.
10. Hebrews 13, 5.
11. Romans 12, 10.
12. Romans 12, 16.
13. Second Corinthians 6, 14.
14. Second Thessalonians 3, 13.
15. Isaiah 28, 22.
16. First Corinthians 15, 33.
17. Galatians 6, 7.

Literary Puzzle—March Issue

A REMINDER

THIS competition closes sharp at 9 a.m. on 1st June next. For obvious reasons, the fur trade staff at the distant posts will be allowed until September 1st to get their answers in.

The number of solutions received to date is below our most modest expectations. We do not like to admit that we have over-rated the literary ability of the staff. Anyhow, we are hoping for a shower of replies before the closing date.

BIDS WANTED

A VANCOUVER printer got slightly peeved at a letter from a doctor who wanted bids on several thousand letterheads, different sizes, different grades and different colors, and wanted the printing form held standing. So the printer took his typewriter in hand and wrote:

"Am in the market for bids on one operation for appendicitis. One, two or five-inch incision—with or without ether—also with or without nurse. If appendix is found to be sound, want quotation to include putting same back and cancelling order. If removed, successful bidder is expected to hold incision open for about sixty days, as I expect to be in the market for an operation for gall stones at that time and want to save the extra cost of cutting."

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Company for Their Employees
Throughout the Service

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"A Journal of Progress"

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Winnipeg, Canada.

Vol. II MAY 1922 No. 8

Inveterate

THE 252nd birthday of the Great Company is being celebrated quietly this month.

Our associates in the H.B.C. departmental stores are making more of the event that the senior divisions, "Lands" and "Furs," because of their large sales prepared in honor of Anniversary. But employees throughout the Service are mindful that on May 2nd another milestone is passed in the life of H.B.C.

There seems no reason to doubt that the organization which earned the title "Honourable" will continue to exercise an active influence in the upbuilding of Canada even for another period of 252 years.

From Sea to Sea

THE wonders of modern transportation are not confined to the air routes. Prosaic railroads continue to chalk up records in between trans-Atlantic flights.

In February a special train was loaded with 25,000 pounds of halibut at Prince Rupert, British Columbia. Seven days later the fish were laid down at New York in excellent condition. Broadway cafes announced on their menu cards "fresh B.C. halibut." Several shipments of a similar nature have been made.

It seems much like carrying coals to Newcastle, this transporting of fish at express speed 3612 miles across mountain and plain to the very front door of the great Atlantic fisheries; but then some sage economist can explain.

As a feat of modern transport and a demonstration that markets are widened by *steam* to an almost incredible radius, the incident principally stands out.

Pride of Employment

A MOST potent factor in modern business success is the proper sense of pride in the organization of which one is a part. We may conscientiously feel a pride in our work.

One of the Company's new employees said the other day, "Just as people have faith in the quality of a Hudson's Bay point blanket, they have confidence in an H.B.C. employee. I find that since coming with the Company I must be more careful what I do and say than when I worked for smaller and younger concerns *for the sake of what outsiders think*."

This man's observation indicates that employees are the best guarantee of the Company's continued success. Employees express H.B.C. to the public. They re-interpret H.B.C. and its standards every day.

Pride of employment made more than one Chief Factor of an apprentice clerk. It is a big help to success.

Publicity

"I WILL paint your ad. on our elephant," said the advance agent of a famous circus to a small town merchant in Ontario. "He is the centre of interest in the parade and you'll get good results."

"No advertising for me," replied the dealer, "I know every man, woman and child in town, and they know my store." The advance agent looked down the short main street and thought he might be stumped. He looked up Main street at the few scattered old dwellings and decided he *was* stumped. "But hold on a minute," he said, "see that little white church up there on the hill. How long has it been there?"

"Oh, about forty years," returned the merchant.

"And everybody in town knows it. *Yet they take the trouble to ring the bell every Sunday morning*"!

No one knows a company, a company's policy or a line of goods so well that they do not need reminders. The shortest thing in the world is the memory of the public. Who can tell you, offhand, the name of the man who sank the *Lusitania;* the date of Kitchener's death; name of the dirigible which first crossed the Atlantic; the name of the last viceroy of India, or of the British delegates to the Disarmament Conference?

Repetition is the secret of effective publicity. Keeping everlastingly at it is the way to success.

Stick to H.B.C. Standards

By ADANAC

To the Associate Editors—Read this article. It comes unheralded, a breezy message from the West. We don't know the author, but we like his enthusiasm, his loyalty and his "style." He's "Hudson's Bay" all through. The article shows plainly that H.B.C. employees at the coast are doing some constructive thinking. Kindly obtain the comments of the staff on suggestions put forward by "Adanac."—*The Editor.*

DURING two hundred and fifty-two years there has been built up what has come to be known throughout Canada, particularly Western Canada, as the Hudson's Bay Standard.

This Standard applies not only to the quality of the merchandise which is purchased in H.B.C. stores, but also to the Service rendered by Hudson's Bay employees to the buying public. It is a Service which demands attention from each member of the staff, concentration of mind, forgetfulness of physical fatigue or personal animosities, unfailing courtesy no matter how trying the customer may prove, and an earnest effort to send that customer away satisfied.

Is this Hudson's Bay Standard of Service being maintained? Unfortunately, I think not.

The reason is readily traced to the lack of knowledge of salesmanship, particularly among the younger employees, many of whom have not grasped the proper idea of how to serve a customer, and, while they may be doing their work to the best of their ability without any intention of offending, some of them are falling down on the job.

Too frequently the idea in the minds of the sales staff is that they are not there to sell, that the customer is doing the buying. This attitude soon resolves itself into the creation of a "take it or leave it" impression in the mind of the customer, and this the public naturally resent. Courtesy and an effort to please are demanded or the good name of the Company will suffer. While silence as to the goods is preferable to a misstatement, nevertheless noticeable *indifference* is going to cost goodwill, which is beyond compensation in immediate dollars and cents.

The standard of efficiency can be raised by education. One hundred per cent. of Service is what is supposed to be "swapped" for the contents of the pay envelope.

Now there has arisen in the life of the Great Company *The Beaver,* a monthly publication that has become a part of the institution, a part of the Hudson's Bay system. Let us rise to the occasion, use its columns for the purpose of educating and instructing our staff in the H.B.C. way of doing things. The value of this journal is already self-evident. The benefits were manifest from the day of its first issue.

The field is extensive and the material available abundant. Our sales staff has little opportunity to gather inspiration. Let *The Beaver* supply it.

Why not publish little stories of

TABLEAU—the signing of the Royal Charter of H.B.C. by King Charles the Second, May 2nd, 1670—arranged by the Vancouver display department in 1920.

actual store happenings, illustrating some point of salesmanship, viz: The wife of a prominent business man, whose name can be given, entered the store one day, asked the saleslady for certain pieces of aluminum that were on sale. On being informed that she was too late, she exclaimed "Oh! I am so sorry; nothing else is suitable." The saleslady, "Well, madam, it is just possible that some may be returned to-morrow; if so, shall I send you a set C.O.D.?" The customer was delighted at this thoughtfulness, with the result that she got the desired ware.

That was 100 per cent. service. Such incidents as these are many; they leave an indelible impression; let us get them into print; let us extoll the spirit of co-operation, of cohesion, *esprit de corps,* or whatever you may like to call it. Let all be happy and contented, strive to please and the public will appreciate the atmosphere.

Let's broaden out, and develop the power of greater Service. Surely the editor will give us space to take up educational work, special articles on salesmanship, improvement of store service, banking for employees, investments, window dressing, cartoons, stories and technical information covering merchandise. Our buyers would surely be glad to tell us something about the weave, warp and texture of materials. It has been suggested at this branch that each issue of *The Beaver* contain a message or an article from the general manager of one of the stores. This would be an interesting feature.

Let it not be said that there is no literary talent available in the H.B.C. Among this great family of employees are heads that are full of bright ideas, pens that can write, pens that can draw, brushes that can paint, poets, education of the highest, all imbued with ambition to succeed. Let's bring it out.

This is an age of co-operation; let us get together; let us not be too thin-skinned; let us nail our weaknesses as soon as they appear; let us dam up the leaks and losses with *efficiency;* let's strengthen the good old ship "Hudson's Bay." With all sails set and sheets full and free let us run into the new era of development which we are privileged to see in Western Canada; let us do it intelligently from the commissioners down to the humblest messenger.

We are a part of the greatest institution of its kind on this hemisphere, and we want to learn to understand the motive power that has driven it onward for two hundred and fifty-two years.

Let us strive to understand the "Hudson's Bay" way and abide by it. *Let us feed good, juicy logs to The Beaver* and keep it working for the mutual good.

F.T.C.O. Notes

THE fur trade commissioner was in Edmonton on Company's business during the week beginning April 20th.

Ralph Parsons on April 17th assumed charge of the recently combined St. Lawrence and Labrador districts of the H.B.C. fur trade. Mr. Parsons will make his headquarters at Montreal.

A. W. Patterson, Lake Huron district manager, retires on pension May 31st.

J. J. Barker, Saskatchewan district manager, will succeed A. W. Patterson (retiring) as Lake Huron district manager, and S. T. Youngman (now St. Lawrence district manager) will take charge of Saskatchewan district.

S. J. C. Cumming, formerly accountant at Montreal, has been transferred to the Keewatin district office at Winnipeg.

J. Cantley, formerly of the St. John's, Newfoundland, office has been transferred as accountant for the St. Lawrence-Labrador district.

E. G. Fry, merchandise buyer at the Montreal office, has resigned from the service and is being succeeded by his assistant, Bryan Peck.

L. Romanet, fur trade chief inspector, left Winnipeg April 29th for inspection of H.B.C. posts in the upper Mackenzie river section. Mr. Romanet will return in about three months.

L. J. Williams, post manager at Graham, Ontario, was in Winnipeg on Company's business the week of April 14th.

A New Fish Story

Spring-Tailed Trout and Inland Whale Fishing

By W. G. MACLEAN

Author's Note: Once more the Great Company leads the world, this time in fishing. Here is a true yarn that will live and which will be handed down from generation to generation.

SO many irresponsible persons have of recent years detailed stories of fishing trips that I have finally become persuaded that, in the interests of veracity, the H.B.C. and the fair province of Alberta, it is only right that an account of an expedition in which I took part last summer should be given to the public in general and the readers of *The Beaver* in particular.

It is hoped that when the purport of this article is grasped by the reader no further fictitious accounts of fishing excursions will be permitted by the editor to appear in this magazine, as they cannot fail but be of injury to the growing generation. To purge the fishing pastime of an unenviable reputation and to direct the erring feet (and pens) of brother piscatorial artists into the straight and narrow path is the purpose of this contribution.

In company with one Roderick Mackenzie in July, 1921, we proceeded to a chosen beat on the Edson river some seven miles north of the town of the same name, and, in emulation of the nefarious tactics of the "free traders," took forcible possession of a homesteader's cabin and proceeded to do business.

Fishing was, on the whole, fair. We succeeded in taking enough trout to supply the camp, feed a district roughly thirty miles square and arranged for a steamboat service to carry away the balance, when a startling discovery of minerals disturbed the sport for a time.

It happened thus. On the far bank of the river was an open clearing, free of bush, which afforded splendid opportunities for the casting of a skilful fly, and to reach the desired location I donned my waders and proceeded. Half way across the stream I found the water was waist high and was filtering into my waders. I was about two-thirds of the way across when I was suddenly electrified by hearing a series of horrible howls from the bank and, looking back, saw Mackenzie gesticulating violently on the bank as he shouted "Danger! Danger!! Look out for the iron."

All too late I realized the import of his words. The Edson river, as anyone who is acquainted with it knows, is noted for the amount of iron contained in its waters, and suddenly it dawned on me that the astonishing weight of my feet might be laid to that reason.

Nevertheless, I kept ploughing on and, removing my *Imperial Mixture* from my hip pocket to a place of safety, I finally reached the other side. Well-nigh exhausted, I pulled myself on the farther shore. Emptying my waders, I realized the truth. It was not the iron-y water which made my feet feel heavy. In one wader were *eleven large rainbow trout* and in the other *seven rainbow and four beautiful grayling.*

While examining the fish, I was astonished by a splash and to see another rainbow trout dart over my head and plunge into another bend of the river about fifty yards distant.

At first I could scarcely believe my eyes, but to prove that there was nothing the matter with my eyesight I saw the same fish fly back and plop into the exact spot in the river from which he had sprung!

It suddenly came to me that I had actually visualized the spring-tailed trout in one of his annual gymnastic performances. To the uninitiated it may be stated that the Edson river at the particular part on which we were fishing is somewhat like a corkscrew, with many bends and narrow necks of land separating the channel. It is the delightful custom of the spring-tailed trout to make the portage over each neck, this being accomplished by merely utilizing his singular muscular power. It is astonishing, but nevertheless true.

These, I think were the most noteworthy incidents of the trip, but I might mention the case of one whaleback trout which swam up one of the small creeks and which was unable to proceed further for the lack of anything to swim in. Noting his uncomfortable position, Mr. Mackenzie and I felled eighteen spruce trees into the bed of the creek behind him, which prevented his getting back. Next we proceeded to Edson, borrowed two of the captured German machine guns there and after the expenditure of a considerable amount of ammunition placed him *hors de combat,* and with the aid of a tractor finally succeeded in dragging him ashore.

It is understood that the people in the vicinity of Edson intend to put up a co-operative fish cannery in preparation for our next year's holiday, as they recognize the fact that it is a crime to see so much good fish going to waste. I could tell more, but the chances are that it would just be put down to a "fish story." The reason I did not send in this tale before was because I didn't think anybody would believe it.

The Fur Brigade

THE copy of H.B.C. hiring contract reproduced hereinunder illustrates the methods of employing *voyageurs* and rivermen for the Company's fur brigades in 1867:

We, the undersigned, do hereby contract with the Hudson's Bay Company, acting by William Cowan, Chief Trader, for the performance of a voyage in the boats of the said Company in the capacity expressed opposite our respective names during the autumn of 1867 from Fort Garry to York Factory and back. We hereby bind ourselves to conform to such rules and regulations as the Company have hitherto enacted for the conduct of their brigades either during the voyage or at the posts "en route," also obliging ourselves to obey any order of the guide appointed to the charge of the row boats. We also agree to take whatever cargo may by the superintendent of transport at Norway House and York Factory be deemed fair lading without demur or refusal, and to remain at York Factory until the officer in charge there may deem fit to dismiss us.

And I, William Cowan, on the part of the Hudson's Bay Company, do hereby promise that on the true and faithful performance of the conditions and obligations entered into by them in the above contract they, the said undersigned, shall receive for such services wages as follows: Guide, £10; steersmen, each, £9; bowsmen, each, £8; middlemen, each, £7.

his
Joseph X Tayer
mark

his
Lambert X Wambay
mark

his
Thomas X Kakeewapet
mark

his
Antoine X Rat
mark

his
Che Keesik X
mark

his
Thos. X Prince
mark

THE FACTOR

By E. B. Shelton

Seated in an humble dwelling
Is a Factor old and gray;
His words hold much expression
As he speaks of olden days.

When trading was a man's job,
And none but the strong could stay,
His hard old days would tell you
How he worked for his yearly pay.

Apart from the old man's stories
You can see in a fleeting glance
That the old boy'd hold the fort again
If he only had the chance.

All about his homelike dwelling
Are signs of his early days
When bear and wolf were plentiful
And crossed his travelling ways.

He looks at the pelts with a longing
And says in his easy way,
"If only I were back again
In a Fort of the Hudson's Bay."

The old man thinks the day has passed
When the Indians true as fate
Would bring you in a bag of fur
And wipe clean their debtor's slate.

And sorry he is that this should be,
For set in a frame of gold
Are memories of his exploits
In those trading days of old.

His dogs, his gun and rifle
Were constant pals of long ago
Whilst tripping to the Indians
Over barren wastes of snow.

Even yet his gun and rifle
Hang on the cabin wall,
But, alas, so long deserted
Are deaf to the huntsman's call.

His dogs are fresh in his memory,
Even their names and age,
And how they hauled the biggest loads
In those old-time trading days.

He tells of the hauls of fur he'd made
When so young and spry,
And how he could not sleep at night
In case some fur got by.

And of the opposition trader
With his scant and tawdry stock
Who never got one skin of fur
The whole round of the clock.

Such men as these to-day are few,
But their stories ever stay,
And always will be treasured
By the men of the Hudson's Bay.

Reginald Kenderdine, for some months assistant in the executive department and associate editor for *The Beaver,* left April 11th for Vancouver, where he will join the next expedition of the Company to Kamchatka peninsula, Siberia.

The Land of Silence

(*Continued from last issue*)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory

Author of Kasba (White Partridge)

CHAPTER IX.

The Trap.

Alec ate his supper that evening in moody silence. In vain he sought to centre his attention on what was going on around him; his thoughts would return to his interview with the missionary. His narrow escape had shaken him considerably. He trembled even now to think how near he had been to being found out. Caught off his guard, he would have betrayed himself for a certainty; only Miner's timely warning had saved him. Then there came to him presently another thought which caused him to quake again. He had got over it by lying, but what about the girl? If the parson saw Little Song before he, himself, had a chance to warn her she would divulge everything. His sole hope rested on warning the girl. He must see to it. He would meet Little Song—confound her—as she had requested in her letter and tell her what to say to the meddlesome missionary. When at last he rose from the table he went up to his room, and, having locked his door, produced a bottle of liquor. After drinking all he deemed sufficient for his purpose he came down gloomily, slipped out of the house and walked slowly away to the trysting place. He was in the devil's own temper, and when he came up to the girl whom he found waiting for him at the place appointed there was that in his countenance which caused her heart at once to sink and fail. She tried to grasp his hand, but he evaded her and flung himself down on a log close by.

"Oh, Alec!" she exclaimed, with an aspect which denoted the most intense apprehension. "What is the matter? What have I done?"

"Sit down," he replied with a stern expression, "sit down and I'll tell you what you've done. I thought," he continued when she was seated and her eyes riveted upon him, "I thought I could trust you to keep our secret; I never thought you would give me away to your father."

"Give you away! I didn't give you away. My father saw us, so what could I do?"

"You could have kept your mouth shut," Alec told her fiercely.

"I did—indeed I did," cried the poor girl tremulously. "I kept away from home to avoid my father; but at last he sent for me. He was very angry and asked a lot of questions, but I didn't answer a word, and then he called me bad names and said he would tell the minister about us. I tried to see you to warn you, but you never came near me, so I wrote to you."

"Too late," replied Alec savagely, "your father has told the parson already."

"Still, you shouldn't be cross with me about it," pleaded the girl, "I didn't tell father anything."

"But why didn't you?"

"Why didn't I," gasped the bewildered girl.

"Yes, you could have said something—denied it—anything. Your silence only convinced him that he was right."

"But how could I deny it, when he'd seen us together himself?"

"Bah! You could have invented something: his eyesight's none too good. You could have sworn you were with—er—Miner, for instance."

"But he'd seen us several times, he'd been watching us!"

"Well, you've got me in a nice mess," growled the wretch with an expression of ferocity. "I ought to have known what would happen. However, this is the end; it's all over between us. I can't trust you any more."

"All over!" repeated the girl in a dazed fashion. "All over! How can it be, *now*. No you can't mean it—I'll not believe it! no, no, no, no—you are not so unkind, you are not so cruel. I'll *not* believe it!"

"Believe it or not," Alec told her roughly, "when I leave here we part forever!"

The poor girl stood before him, her face working with suppressed emotion. She tried several times to speak, but words failed her. At last throwing herself on her knees, she seized both

INDIAN encampment at Moose Factory in 1868. The tepee in foreground shows the birchbark covering used by Indians of the Eastern Woodlands "culture area." Note also birchbark canoes Photo by H. M. S. Cotter.

his hands in hers; but he released them and pushed her roughly away.

"No, no," she cried desperately. "Oh, what can I do? What can I say? I will do anything, say anything, so that you do not cast me off!"

This was exactly what the young wretch wanted. He smiled behind his hand. "Get up," he ordered. "Well," he said when she had risen, "there is something you might do, perhaps."

"Yes, yes!" cried the distracted girl with pitiful eagerness.

The man remained silent for some moments, pretending to think it out.

"Well," he said at length," you *might* put yourself in the minister's way: he'd be sure to lecture you on your goings on and you'd have the chance to swear there was nothing between us—and never had been, *never had been*, mind. If he didn't mention the subject you could start it some way yourself."

"I will, I will!" Little Song told him quickly. "I will see him this very evening. I will make an excuse to go to the Mission. And then, and then," she pleaded as she smiled and tried to check her tears, but could not, "you won't cast me off?"

"Oh, that depends," Alec informed her roughly, rising and drawing away. "Depends whether you are able to fool the parson." With devilish cunning he had manoeuvred the situation so that the outcome should appear to rest with the girl—she must 'fool' the parson or be cast off. This would sharpen Little Song's wits, he knew.

"I will, I will!" declared the girl; there was a certain fierce determination in her tones. "But are you going already?" she asked as he moved off.

"I must; I have something to do for my father," he lied easily.

Then she came close to him, and placing her hands upon his arm spoke in a pleading voice. "And when will you meet me again?"

"When I think your father has left off watching us."

"Oh, let it be soon, I am very miserable and frightened."

"Well, we'll see. Just you convince the minister, then we'll see."

The wretch coldly permitted her to embrace him, and went away.

She watched him till he was lost to view, and then sank on the log and wept bitterly. Poor Little Song! she had yielded all and was now at the mercy of one who was merciless.

After leaving Alec MacDonald, Miner had proceeded direct to his cabin, and in the solitude of that humble abode he perfected the plan of what was to be, at least up to that time, the most dastardly, the most cruelly wicked act of his long career of lawlessness and crime. The parson's words had furnished the idea, and it had not taken the unscrupulous man's plotting brain long to form its plan of operation. He soon had his wicked scheme complete in all its details. It would be ridiculously easy. What a chance! What an opportunity! This could not be carried out, however, without the assistance of Alec MacDonald. Alec was an important factor in the evil scheme. But never once did he doubt the young man's willingness to perform the part assigned him. Of this he had no fears. It hardly occurred to him that his confederate might have scruples and certainly never occurred to him that he would refuse. Miner had unbounded confidence in his ability to manage the weak-minded son of the Chief Factor. His ascendency over him was a known quantity; step by step he had obtained influence over him until, at last, that misguided young man was as a child in leading strings in his hands. He now waited with impatience that could scarcely be restrained for his fellow-conspirator to put in an appearance. A hundred times Miner went to the window to search the track for any sign of him, and at last his watchfulness was rewarded by a sight of the young man coming rapidly towards him.

When Alec arrived, however, he was clearly in a dangerous mood; a single glance at the boy's moody face and one could not doubt that this was so. He flung himself down on the nearest seat and sat scowling at the floor. So his host restrained his impatience to get down to business. Instead he studied his visitor closely in silence.

Presently the newcomer was aroused from his unpleasant reflections by a realization that the eyes of his friend were boring holes in him.

"Well, what have you got to say?" he asked gruffly. "What's the big idea?"

"I have a plan, if you agree to it, and I think it can be done."

"Then let's have it. I don't know what you mean, but I'll agree to *anything* that will get me out of the mess I'm in."

Miner fixed a long and searching look upon him, then, suddenly leaning across the table, tapped him on the arm.

"Look here," he said fiercely," we've got to get rid of the parson."

Alec laughed harshly. "So he is troubling you, too, eh?"

"Damn him! It was him who brought the Mounties here, and it's him who's keeping them keyed up! I'm going to put him away!" The man fairly hissed the words and at the same time banged the table with his powerful fist; and his expression was so diabolically malignant that it gave his hearer a thrill of horror.

"You don't mean—*kill* him?" the boy asked hoarsely, staring at him.

"No. That's too dangerous a game. Besides, I've a better in view."

"Then let's hear it," said the boy obviously relieved. "Though I may as well tell you that I haven't any confidence in anything of that sort."

Miner did not speak for a long moment, then, lowering his voice, said:

"You remember what Armstrong said about having the whisky peddler punished even though it was his own son?"

Alec shook a disapproving head. "There is nothing in that," he determined.

"But you heard what he said?"

"I heard him say a lot," said Alec vindictively.

"I mean about the man being punished *even though it was his own son*."

For a short while the two men gazed at each other across the table.

"You begin to see my plan, eh?" Miner asked at length. There was an evil grin on his face.

But Alec protested that he did nothing of the sort; that he had not the slightest inkling of what was in the other man's mind.

Miner frowned. "Sit down," he ordered sharply, for his visitor was pacing nervously up and down the room. "Now listen. You wrote to Bob Armstrong, didn't you?"

The young man nodded.

His companion looked cautiously round, as if he was afraid of being overheard, then proceeded:

"You asked him to bring you a case of—liquor?"

Alec started. "What are you driving at?" he asked impatiently. "You know all about it: it was you who got me to ask him. Why these fool questions?"

"Bob thinks it's a case of photo' stuff he's bringing?" continued Miner, ignoring the outburst.

"He wouldn't be bringing it if he didn't," observed the boy curtly.

"Tell me something of what you wrote, I want to refresh my memory."

"What's the use," growled the young man. "Bob's bringing me a case is not going to help you any."

"Suppose you leave that to me?"

"Oh, very well," said the boy, much puzzled. "I told Bob there was a case of photographic supplies lying at Norway House for me and asked him to bring it when he came North."

"Go on."

"I knew he'd kick about my wanting him to bring it unbeknown to my father, so I said there was something in the case for my sister."

"Well?"

"Oh, he consented fast enough, and promised not to tell who the case belonged to."

"He did, eh?" The other man gave vent to an ugly chuckle. "Good! Better than ever!" He struck his heavily muscled hands together as if to display his pleasure.

"He's spoony on my sister, you know," Alec informed him with a silly laugh. His half defiant petulance was fast disappearing under the other man's approbation. "He would do *anything* for Marjorie."

Miner agreed with him. "Bob won't be at all suspicious?" he asked, harking back, "about it being photo' stuff, I mean."

"Oh, no! He knows I still have my camera. Though, since I sent those pictures to the magazines, my father won't allow me to use it."

"And he promised not to tell!" exulted the elder man. "Good! Nothing will make him break his word. We can bank on that. Besides, there is your mother."

"What has she to do with it?" Alec questioned sharply. A quick flush mounted to his forehead, a flush of anger.

"Bob is fond of her?"

"Bob was brought up by mother," the boy burst out, "but I don't see what that has got to do with it."

Miner smiled. "Then it will work," he decided, ignoring the boy's anger.

"Work! What will work?" the young man shot out, exasperated.

"Why, my plan, of course." Miner kept his grey, unpleasant eyes fixed upon the lad and proceeded: "We'll arrange it so that the Mounties will find the liquor in Bob's possession."

Alec gave a violent start and looked at the evil fellow quite aghast.

Presently he raised his head with a proud, resolute air and compressed his lips firmly for an instant. That feeling of loathing for himself returned to him and he had a sudden, eager longing to be free of this man with all his deceit, double dealing, lies and dishonor. Again and again a shudder of horror went through him at the thought of the thing the man was suggesting.

Miner was watching intently. "For your mother's sake, Bob would keep your name out of the matter."

Although Alec's heart was filled with fear of the wretch opposite, the manliness and honor that was being fast stamped out of his nature sprang into life again for a short spell and helped him in his emergency. He fixed the man with an incredulous stare.

"And do you think I'd stand for that?" he asked in outraged tones.

"Sure thing," was the prompt reply.

"Then you are mightily mistaken," the young fellow informed him hotly. "I'll have nothing to do with your treacherous scheme."

Miner started. He detected a strange note in the voice. He looked at the boy queerly for several moments, then his lips took on a snarling expression.

"So? You're getting quite high and mighty, eh?" he sneered. "You're quite independent, eh? Maybe your high-and-mightiness has come to redeem the bunch of I.O.U's that I happen to hold of yours. Maybe that's it." His voice changed.

"Look here, young fellow," he said incisively," you've got to remember one thing—until you redeem these," here he produced the I.O.U's and slapped them on the table, "until you redeem these you belong to me and have got to do what I tell you. The sooner you get that into your head the better it will be for you."

But the effect of this outburst was obviously not what he had hoped.

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked Alec in tones of the utmost amazement. "Wake up! You're on your back and snoring."

Miner's eyes looked into his.

"You understand me clearly enough," he said slowly.

The boy's pale face turned scarlet.

"You mean because I owe you money. Well, give me a little more time and I'll pay you."

The other man only narrowed his eyes and his laugh was a sneer. This mood in the boy was something new.

"Pay me!" he laughed derisively," and where are you going to get the money, you bleating young idiot."

Alec's hands clenched at his sides.

"Oh, I'll raise the money," he said with assurance. "If I can't do it in any other way, I'll make a clean breast to my father. He will give me the money."

Miner started violently. The young man spoke truthfully enough. But this would not do at all. Miner was not going to lose his hold over him just yet, and instantly he changed his tactics.

"Don't talk nonsense," he said falling back into his usual manner and tone. "It is not a question of money. These," he grabbed the papers up from the table, crushed them in his hand and jammed them back in his pocket, "these can wait. Don't be in a hurry, I don't want money; I'll let you know when I do, which will not be, it strikes me, just yet."

"But you threatened me just now," stubbornly replied the young man.

"Threatened—bah!" said Miner, and attempted to laugh it off. "Come don't be thin skinned, don't let us fall out. You can no more do without me than I can without you. I'm sorry if I spoke sharply to you just now, but you

got my goat. Come, shake! and let us be friends again and get down to business."

He held out his hand as he spoke, but Alec eyed it irresolutely. Seeing this, Miner put forward other persuasions. He knew how to deal with the recalcitrant boy. With subtle skill he tempted him.

"What!" he said in tones of incredulity, "you don't mean that you are going to fail me? You're not going to be a piker! I have done a lot for you, one way and another; and now, the first time you can be of use to me you won't turn me down? You won't fail me now?"

"But, don't you see?" Alec interrupted him hurriedly, "can't you understand? Bob is my boyhood friend; the parson an old friend of the family. I would do for you what I wouldn't do for any other man in the world, but I can't stand for that. It would be treachery, the blackest treachery."

"Pshaw! for the sake of a silly scruple you would go back on me." Miner sneered. "I thought you were made of sterner stuff. Why, you're nothing but a kid with a Sunday school conscience, after all. Still, I like you," he went on after a pause, "I always have liked you and would have helped you out of your present scrape with that girl, but—" he broke off and shrugged his shoulders expressively.

Alec started; he had lost thought of Little Song while he talked, and he weakened on the instant. He had come expecting to consult his friend on that very matter; he felt completely at a loss when he thought of his perplexity and that he should have to face it unassisted by Miner's crafty brain. Therefore it was with unconcealed anxiety that he gasped out: "You don't mean to leave me in the lurch?"

For answer Miner shrugged his shoulders once more, as much as to say "It is up to you."

At that the weak—worse than weak—dissolute, reckless son of the proud old Chief Factor rose abruptly and rapidly paced the floor.

Miner smiled a grim smile of triumph, for he knew that he had conquered him—he had won, and *with a card still left up his sleeve.*

A mighty conflict surged within Alec's breast. He was fully alive to the turpitude of Miner's scheme and his heart quailed within him, inured as he was to deception and wrong-doing; but his anxiety to keep his dishonorable affair with Little Song from his parents' ears swept aside the puny forces of conscience. His scruples had not fair play.

After a while he came back to his companion, sat down slowly and remained for some time staring straight in front of him. Finally, he set his teeth and clenched his hands and asked, with a shaky attempt at calmness and a nervous quiver of the underlip: "What is it you want me to do?"

"Nothing much," the older man assured him lightly. "Just keep your mouth shut about the ownership of that case when the time comes; keep your wits about you and back me up if I need it. I'll attend to the rest. There'll be nothing to trouble your conscience, and there is nothing to fear."

The boy's pale face flushed; then grew deadly pale again, and worked in a queer convulsive sort of way.

The tempter eyed him furtively.

"Very well," said Alec at length, with a long unconscious sigh, "I'll do it."

"Good boy!"

"But remember," continued the boy fiercely, "remember, I do not want to do it. If we are found out I am ruined and it will be you—you—who are to blame."

Having uttered this outburst of passion, the wretched youth flung his arms on the table, and rested his head on them.

Miner studied him for a moment with a contemptuous smile, then, going round to him, he dropped a hand on his shoulder.

"And now," he said, "you can tell Little Song *to put the blame on me.* I guess it won't hurt *my* character none—I'll 'stall' for you."

"What!" cried Alec, jumping up and staring hard at the speaker.

(*To be continued*)

WINNIPEG

Wholesale Depot

Miss E. Davies (Elsie) who left us on Dec. 22nd, 1921, to make her home in Los Angeles, now holds an important position with one of the leading furniture manufacturers of that city.

Diamond rings are fashionable nowadays with the wholesale depot staff. The latest seen are worn by Miss C. Norris (Connie), Miss Clara Akier, and Miss Esther Shinewold.

Rumor has it that Bill of the wholesale grocery is about to be married. We wonder which Bill it is.

We hear that T. J. S., of fur trade fame, has sold his trusty bicycle. Will the next be a Super-Six or a Rolls-Royce?

Messrs. C. Pittam and W. Pierson, of the wholesale grocery department, have rejoined the staff after an extended trip to their homes in the old country. They report conditions in general unsatisfactory.

NOT A LOVE SCENE

They met on the bridge at moonlight,
But they shall never meet again;
For she was an eastbound cow,
And he was a westbound train.

W. S. Smith, from Regina branch, paid us a visit March 27th.

Miss E. Smeaton, who for the past four years has been with the wholesale department, relinquished her position on March 25th to return to her home in Medicine Hat, where she enters the general hospital to take up nursing.

Football Notes

First practice of the season was held on the stadium grounds (old Fort Garry site) Monday, April 17. Twenty-eight players, representing talent from the several departments, participated in the workout.

Trainer Tom Johnston was impressed with the good quality of material available from which to make a "rip-snorting" H.B.C. team. They look good enough to carry off league honors.

First scheduled game, week of May 1st. The T. Eaton Company will be our opponents. This will be a great game to watch. The more enthusiastic H.B.C. football fans turn out to cheer on the boys the harder they will play. Let's all go!

Train Up a Child

A MEMBER of the stores administration staff last month became the proud possessor of a baby nephew. The ladies of his home sent an appropriate gift in the shape of a hand-made woolen coat, which "uncle" was permitted to parcel and send off. It evidently occurred to him that he should send some little personal gift, and, all his shopping thoughts tending toward H.B.C., he wended his way to the retail.

It so happened that that was "pipe week," and the lure of that window display was strong upon him. He purchased for "Wee Willie" a lovely briar pipe and a package of *Imperial Mixture*. Before mailing he adorned the package with the following inscriptions: "Start with a good brand. If mother won't let you smoke, come down here, where restrictions on use of *Imperial Mixture* are unknown."

Baby would receive the parcel when he was exactly one week old, and now we are wondering at what age he will be allowed to make use of his gift, or if in the meantime it will be appropriated by his elders.

Uncle has a nice warm feeling round his heart at the thought of having given a gift "worth while," and if by any chance he has a drap of Scotch blood in his veins there will be the added joy of reflecting that "it didna cost half as much as a siller spoon."

JUST CHASING IT AWAY

Paymaster Harrison was seen to run after a Corydon car waving his hands frantically as the doors closed and it sped on its way. As he stepped back to the curb and gave his watch a troubled look a neighbour inquired, "Were you trying to catch that car?" "Oh no," he snapped, "I was just chasing it away from the crossing."

OUR "HEART AND HOME" COLUMN

Dear Miss Heart Ease:

What is a fellow to do when he lives here and his girl is way off somewhere, say for instance, Pilot Mound? I think a lot of the girl but I can't afford to go to see her often and my postage bills run high when I am at home.

Economical Edwin.

Answer

Dear Economical Edwin:

If this is The Girl, try marrying her and then perhaps you can manage to be together. If she is not, then the only solution is to find some girl within walking distance and thus cut down expenses.

Tennis Association Gets Auspicious Start

H.B.C. tennis association for 1922 organized at a lively meeting April 17th. The following officers and executives were elected by ballot: *President, George Bowdler (retail); vice-president, W. Pearson (wholesale); secretary-treasurer, P. Harrison (retail); executive, comprising these three officers and Miss Mercer (wholesale), Miss Elmhirst (land) and C. M. Thomas (publicity).*

A small increase was made in membership fees for H.B.C. employees. The new rates are: ladies $3; men, $5. Rates for associate members were increased to $12.50 for ladies and $15.00 for men. It was decided to ask a fee of $1 each player this season from those using the quoits grounds.

The meeting passed a resolution forming itself into a committee of the whole to assist new players from the outset of the season. Instruction and help will be given beginners. Plans are under way to stage various competitions from the start of the season so as to increase the interest of all members in playing the game.

Work on the courts is progressing rapidly, and it is expected they will be in exceptionally good shape this season.

It was suggested that the courts be formally opened on May 24th and plans are being made to feature the occasion with a program of unusual interest.

LAND DEPT. NOTES

The land commissioner left Winnipeg April 29th for Edmonton and the Pacific Coast cities on his periodical inspection. He will attend the fifteenth annual convention of the National Association of Real Estate boards, which is to be held from 29th May to 4th June at San Francisco.

We are glad to welcome back to our midst Mr. Sawyer and Miss Mary McCready, who have been indisposed, and trust that they have benefitted by their short vacation.

We are sorry to lose the services of Mr. Trevor Whisson, who has been in the land department's employ for about a year and a half. Trevor was quite an athlete and we shall miss his cheery countenance. He resigned from the Company at the end of March.

The Motor Brigade

By B. EVERITT

TWO additional travelling representatives for the land department have been appointed, making a total of four who will motor throughout selected districts in the prairie provinces this season inspecting H.B.C. lands, making collections, investigating conditions and spreading information regarding the Company's undeveloped farm acreage.

J. McDill and George Allen are the new men designated by the land commissioner to take up this work. Mr. McDill, who will cover the Ogema district south of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, came to the department in 1913 as clerk. Mr. Allen was formerly in the H.B.C. employ (1910-12) and rejoined the service in March, 1922. He will carry on operations in the district west of Lake Manitoba.

T. H. Nicholls and J. B. Morison, the "veterans" of last year in this work, are proceeding to Red Deer district, Alberta, and Wilkie, Saskatchewan, respectively.

Whereas H.B.C. land inspectors formerly travelled by pack pony in the unsettled parts of the prairies, these latest travelling representatives of the department are equipped with small cars of a popular make (reputed to take you anywhere and get you back again).

Curling Banquet

THE second annual curling banquet of the land department staff was held in the retail store restaurant April 6th. More than sixty covers were laid.

After the feasting, an unique programme was enjoyed, followed by a dance.

The handsome silver trophy was presented to B. A. Everitt and his redoubtable rink (A. C. Swindell, T. F. Thorogood and Miss Elmhirst) who won the cup series of games against seven other rinks in the department.

The land commissioner's address was a feature of the evening and his two solos (that made one think he comes of a bold sea-faring race) were wildly applauded.

F. Nicholson was a versatile toastmaster; Messrs. Bellingham, Joslyn, Almond, Swindell and Miss Killer were heard in short speeches, toasts and replies to toasts.

Mrs. William Everitt, wife of our reliable curling secretary; Mrs. West, Miss Peters, Miss Elmhirst, A. Bridgwater, A. C. Swindell, A. McQuiston, B. Everitt and T. H. Nichols were the musical artists of the evening with numerous vocal and instrumental renditions. Several members of the fur trade staff were guests who "enjoyed the party."

The special hand-illuminated programme for the occasion, done by B. Everitt, was an unique feature.

Retail Store News

Celebrating Birthday of H.B.C.

THE NIGHT of Tuesday, April 25th, was given over to revelry and entertainment in which every member of the store force participated to the full. The occasion was a supper, entertainment, dance and whist drive combined in honor of our 252nd birthday, and the dining room on floor three resounded with song and music from 6 p.m. until 10.30.

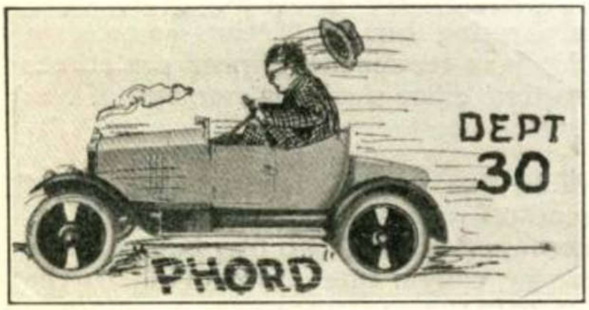
Community chorus sheets were provided so that all could exercise their lungs, and that's what happened with a vengence throughout the supper and after. Paper hats and balloons helped to take away any last vestige of restraint or dignity that may have hovered over some few. After the "eats" the programme opened with a short address by Mr. Ogston on our Anniversary plans and a call for all to co-operate in making it the best ever. Much pleasure was expressed at the singing of Miss Long, Mr. A. Robinson and Mr. F. J. Tittle, who contributed several numbers. Mr. Diamond was also heartily applauded for his clever recitations.

The floor was cleared and dancing began at 8.30. A whist drive took place concurrently in another department for which four handsome prizes were provided. Mrs. Sharp and Mrs. Andersen were winners of the ladies prizes, Mr. A. E. Welch and Mr. Andrew Dick being the successful gentlemen.

The special orchestra under Mr. Atkins acquitted itself nobly, to the satisfaction of a very active gathering of dancers.

Invitations to participate in the dancing and whist were responded to by co-workers from the wholesale, land, fur and executive departments in very gratifying numbers.

The committe wish to thank those who contributed their services so ungrudgingly and all who attended for the whole-hearted manner in which they entered into the evening's fun. Those who worked hard preparing such a treat were *Miss Smith, Miss Booth, Miss Parker, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Ashbrook and Mr. Reith.*



Mr. Atkins at the wheel of his "music box"

Anniversary "Aughto" Race

As in other years, one of the greatest incentives to sustaining the interest of all concerned in the success of the Anniversary Sale is a record of progress of each department kept in the time office.

This year it takes the form of a novel "Aughto" race, each department being represented by the picture of an auto with the manager at the wheel racing across a huge board marked off to represent standing from day to day.

Our cardwriter cartoonist, G. Foster, assisted by Mr. Jones, has managed to put quite an element of humor into the contest.

For instance, Mr. Scott, of the Hardware, is seen with set countenance driving a *Fierce-Sparrow*.

Quite appropriately too, Mr. Whalley is shown at the wheel of a *Hussel*.

We see Miss O'Grady driving a *Dash*.

Mr. Frankish has been given a *Frankmobile* to steer, side by side with Mr. Pearin's *Caddibaker*.

Miss Woodhead would head the list with ease provided her *Nodge* can dodge all obstacles.

We expect Mr. Dunbar, of the shoe department, in his *Grey-Barrow* will not be at the *foot* of the list if he can *last* the pace.

Miss Smith seems quite at home at the wheel of a *Beaver*.

ANOTHER competition which is causing considerable interest is a "Read-the-Ads." contest, with prizes for the employee discovering the most errors in spelling. This includes mistakes in window cards and wrong price tickets. As a means of everybody concerned learning all about Anniversary offerings in every department of the store this should prove of decided value.

A Drive on Pipes

—AND IMPERIAL MIXTURE

TO advertise H.B.C. Pipe week, April 1st to 6th, a stunt was put through which caused a deal of attention. One of the windows was dressed with two men figures reclining in easy chairs enjoying *Imperial Mixture*. An appropriate showing of pipes, etc., was part of the display. During the noon hour of the first day one of the figures was substituted in exact duplicate by a living man who smoked his pipe in reality. The novelty of the thing arrested a crowd of interested onlookers, who were hard put to it to discover if the man was a dummy or really alive.

Mr. Davidson, display manager, was the clever impersonator, who acted his part exceptionally well. "It's a gift, boys," he remarked. But it was noticed the perspiration was oozing before the time limit was up.

We wonder if the fair lady in the manager's office enjoyed the box of candy from one of the engineers.

In Retrospect

IN a letter dated 1826 and recently brought to light, the school board of Lancaster, Ohio, refused to permit the use of the school house for a debate as to whether railroads were practical. The letter reads:

> *"You are welcome to the school house to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telephones are impossibilities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God designed that his intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour, He would have clearly foretold through His holy prophets . . . It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to Hell."*

LITTLE THINGS

He rang in a little sooner
  Than the fellows in his shop;
And he stayed a little longer
  When the whistle ordered "stop."
He worked a little harder
  And he talked a little less,
He seemed a little hurried
  And he showed but little stress.
For every little movement
  His efficiency expressed.
Thus his envelope grew just
  A little thicker than the rest.

He saved a little money
  In a hundred little ways;
He banked a little extra
  When he got a little raise.
A little "working model"
  Took his "leisure" time,
He wrought each little part of it
  With patience most sublime.
Now it's very little wonder
  That he murmurs with a smile,
As he clips his little coupons:
  "Aren't the little things worth while?"

DEFERRED PAYMENTS?

"What's all dat noise gwine on ovah at you'h house last night?" asked one coloured woman of another. "Sounded like a lot of lions done busted loose."

"Dat? Why dat was nothin' only de gen'man from the furniture store collectin' his easy payments!"

Store Notes

WE were all pleased to welcome Miss O'Grady back to duty after an absence of about six weeks due to a fractured ankle. The day of her first appearance happened to be the Saturday previous to Easter Sunday, and the glove and hosiery departments under her charge resembled a beehive of activity all day. Was one of the biggest day's business ever turned in the result of Miss O'Grady's presence?

Mr. Jones says "Time and tide wait for no man." You cannot put Time in the bank—better spend it well while you have it.

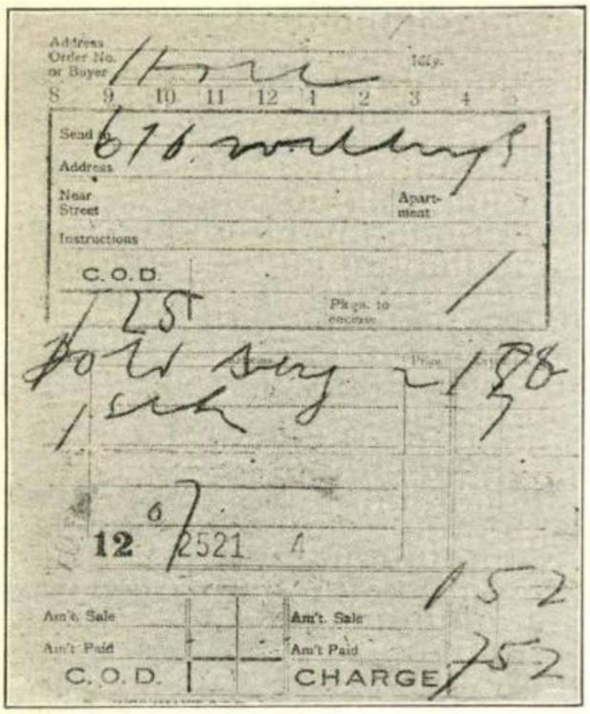
Mr. D——, of the display department, had his car towed to the garage for overhauling in readiness for Spring. They told him all it needed was the radiator cap jacked up and a new car put under it. He took it home and tore it down in his backyard. He was seen going home with a rake, a spade and sundry other tools the other day. It is not known whether he has turned his activities to gardening or the tools were used in raking together the spare parts and in reconstruction work.

Mr. G——, cardwriter, is an ardent banjoist. We are waiting in hopes of hearing him in action some day. His jazz tendencies appear sometimes on time office signs for employees' eyes only.

Miss Burns was given a very hearty send-off prior to her marriage on Wednesday, April 12th, to Mr. Kilby. The happy couple intend removing to the Coast in the near future.

After a more or less protracted absence through sickness, Mr. Whalley, buyer of groceries, Miss Florence Tattersall and Miss Carrie Sargent, of the blouse department, are again at their posts.

Can You Decipher This?



Address Order No. or Buyer

8 9 10 11 12 1 2 3 4

Send

Address

Near Street

Apartment

Instructions

C.O.D.

Pkgs. to enclose

Price

12 2521 4

152

Am't Sale

Am't Paid

C.O.D.

Am't Sale

Am't Paid

CHARGE

752

How NOT to make out a sales check

The name might be Horne, Hire, Hill, or Hall.

The street number might be 670, 610, 676, 616.

The street might be William, Wellington Street, Wellington Crescent, or Walker.

The check might be a "Charge" or "C.O.D."

If a C.O.D. the amount for deliveryman to collect might be $1.28, $1.25, $1.48, $1.18 or $1.15.

The items might be anything.

The amount in the stub might be $1.52 or $1.72.

How would you like to be—

The inspector who checks off the goods with the items on the sales check.

The authorizer who tries to find the name of customer.

The deliveryman who has to try and locate the customer's house.

The delivery checker who has to route the parcel and enter the amount.

The customer who wants to check her goods when she receives them.

Curling

THE end of March saw a pleasant wind-up to the ice sport when curlers from T. Eaton Company paid a return visit to H.B.C. Retail at the Terminal rink. The outcome of an enjoyable match was as follows:

Parker (13) vs *Penwarden (16)*
Bowdler (19) vs *Dennisen (6)*
H.B.C. 32................T. Eaton Co. 22

Retail rinks were made up from:

A. Laping	J. Logan
R. Maxwell	T. Upjohn
J. McMicken	J. Scott
F. Parker (skip)	G. Bowdler (skip)

Tennis

A MEETING of the tennis committee was held Monday, April 17th, in the Retail store. All arrangements were made for the biggest season ever.

The girls of department 15 can hardly wait until the opening day, so eager are they to hear the sound of "40-love," etc., coming from the lips of Apollo-like males bedecked in flannels.

THE CLERK'S COMMANDMENTS

(There Are Eleven Here)

By S. D. Gilkerson

1—As soon as thou gettest to thy place of business in the morning pull off thy coat and go to work; then shalt thou prosper and make the word "failure" spell "success."

2—Thou shalt not go about thy business looking "bum," for thou shouldst know that thy personal appearance goes a long way, nay even further than a letter of recommendation.

3—Thou shalt not draw a salary on excuses. Thou shalt not say to those who chide thee, "I really didn't think."

4—Thou shalt not wait to be told what to do, nor shalt thou watch the clock and sigh for the hand to point to six, for if thou doeth this, verily thy days shall not be long on the job which thou hast.

5—Thou shalt not fail to do thy duty towards thy Boss, nor to maintain thine own integrity. Thou shall not be guilty of anything that will lessen thy good respect of thyself.

6—Thou shalt not covet the job the other fellow hath, nor his salary, nor the position he hath earned by his own hard labor, but get one such as he hath by thine own efforts.

7—Thou shalt not "blow in" all of thy salary. Thou shalt learn to live on less than thy salary is. Thou shalt not contract debts which thou canst not see thy way clearly to pay, for behold, the collector cometh and might cause thee to have a "rough house."

8—Thou shalt not be afraid to blow thine own horn, but not so as to disgust others, but shalt always remember that he who fails to blow his own horn at the proper time findeth no one standing ready to blow it for him.

9—Thou shalt not hesitate to say "Yes," also "No" at the proper time, and mean it when you do, nor shalt thou fail to remember that there are times when it is unsafe to say either. Thou shalt not bind thyself with a hasty judgment.

10—Thou shalt give every other man a square deal. This is the last and great commandment, and there is no other like unto it. Upon this condition hang all the law and the profits of the business world.

11—When thou shalt decide to take unto thee a wife, thou shalt choose thee out a noble woman, and thou shalt buy thy wedding requirements at the Hudson's Bay Company's stores.

EDMONTON

HUDSON'S Bay Amusement and Athletic Association "Beavers," Edmonton, Winners of City Senior Amateur Hockey Championship, 1922.

Left to right (*Back*)—H. J. Perrier (Trainer), P. A. Stone (President, A. & A. A.), G. Ferris (Forward), J. Howey (Right Wing), M. R. Baker (Centre), F. F. Harker (Store Manager).

Left to right (*Front*)—W. G. Zimmerman (Forward), S. Stephen (Left Defence), Dick Howey (Goal), S. Ferris (Right Defence), M. Coleman (Left Wing).

City Cup

May 2nd, Birthday of H.B.C.

By J. PREST, *Associate Editor*

ON May 2nd, 1670, King Charles the Second signed away the sole rights of the trade and possession to all territories bordering on the shores of Hudson Bay, but he had not the slightest notion at the time that he was giving "The Gentlemen Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay" three-quarters of a new continent. The original Company was composed of Prince Rupert, The Duke of Albemarle, Earls Carvan and Arlington, Lord Ashley, Sir John Robinson, Sir Robert Viner, Sir Peter Collington, Sir Paul Neele, Sir Edward Hungerford, Sir John Griffiths, Sir Philip Cartaret, James Hayes, John Kirke, Francis Wellington, William Prettyman, John Fenn and John Portman, Esq.

This "Company of Adventurers" was given by the Royal Charter sole right to establish settlements and carry on trade within this huge territory. They were also authorized to erect forts and to build ships of war for protection against the French, who were then at war with England.

The territory granted to the Hudson's Bay Company was a vast tract of unexplored wilderness as extensive as the whole of Europe. This rich "Eldorado", abounding in fur, timber and mineral, was explored in part some two years previously by two adventurous Frenchmen, Raddison and Grosseiliers, who had interested Prince Rupert, Lord Carvan and John Hayes in the wealth of fur which abounded in this region.

These three distinguished patrons were instrumental in fitting out an expedition to the shores of Hudson Bay. On June 3rd, 1668, the good ship *Nonsuch*, of fifty tons burthen, under the command of captain Gillam, set sail from Wapping on the River Thames with a small crew of hardy seamen bound on a voyage of unknown possibilities.

On board this small craft went Grosseiliers as leader of the expedition. After many buffetings by frequent storms, the little *Nonsuch* arrived at the mouth of a river flowing into Hudson Bay, now known as Rupert's River. At its mouth a fort was hastily built of rough hewn logs and christened Fort Charles.

The erection of the fort was under the direction of Grosseiliers, who had previously visited this territory and knew the advisability of protection from the Indians who inhabited the region.

But a few days had elapsed when a party of Nodways appeared, greatly astonished at the presence of white settlers. After much parleying the Indians were pacified by the giving of trifling baubles, such as beads, colored cloth and knives, and the object of the settlement was made known. The Indians promised to bring beaver and other furs and to tell other tribes to return with them the following winter to trade. Grosseliers' hopes were realized to the full during the next winter, for he made treaties with the Nodways, Crees, Ottawas and other tribes. Solemn conclaves were held and promises made to trade with the white men. The following Summer, on June 1st, and with a full cargo of valuable furs, the *Nonsuch* set sail again for England, arriving at the mouth of the Thames in August, 1669.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the satisfaction of the London merchants on hearing of the results of their first trading venture. They therefore counselled together, and considered the advisability of petitioning Prince Rupert, leader of the enterprise, to seek his cousin's aid (King Charles the Second) in obtaining an exclusive charter to trade and barter in this newly discovered region.

Hence the beginning of the Hudson's Bay Company. The Royal Charter was signed May 2nd, 1670—just 252 years ago.

ENTERTAINED

General Pershing was astonished to receive last month from a New York vaudeville manager a five-figure offer to deliver short daily war talks in the vaudeville houses throughout America.

The general did not reply to this telegram, but a fortnight went by. Then the vaudeville man wired again.

"Have you entertained my proposition?"

"No," General Pershing cabled. "Your proposition has entertained me."

HEARD IN A RESTAURANT

Miss Distrait—This chicken salad seems very stringy

Her Friend—Good gracious. I don't wonder. You are eating it through your veil.

Social Notes

Mrs. Plunkett, of the ladies' underwear section, has been away for several weeks undergoing an operation.

Miss Lily Cunningham has left the service to be married.

Miss G. Sheldon and Miss Forbes, both of the millinery section, are two newcomers to the store. We welcome them cordially to our ever-increasing family.

Miss Vivian Headley is also a new arrival and is domiciled in the notions department, where she is making satisfactory progress.

Mr. R. Henley has been transferred to the sporting goods department, where he will have charge during the season.

Mr. Robinson, department manager of the drug and stationery departments, has returned after several weeks visiting the Eastern markets. He reports business picking up considerably.

Things We Would Like to Know—

Why Calgary thinks that branch has a monopoly in putting on fashion shows, and why Edmonton, Winnipeg, Victoria and Vancouver are looked upon as back numbers by our friends in the southern Alberta city.

If the challenge given out by the Calgary store in last month's *Beaver* in regard to a contest for models is to be taken in real seriousness—because the Edmonton girls will throw down the gauntlet and enter the contest point for point.

If it is true that a certain dark young lady in the ribbon department is shortly to sign a life contract for better or for worse.

You are the latest thing in skirts, remarked the Timekeeper to a young lady typist arriving late.

A little girl was asked by her school teacher the meaning of the word "unaware." She promptly answered, "It is what you put on first and take off last."

H. B. C. Will Build Ten More Edmonton Houses

THE Hudson's Bay Company will extend its Edmonton housing scheme during 1922. Ten new attractive and fully modern residences, representing an investment of between $40,000.00 and $50,000.00, will be erected on the Company's reserve north of the Canadian National railway terminals in the vicinity of the high school, armoury and Royal Alexandra hospital and convenient to a public park.

This is further evidence of the Company's faith in the future of Edmonton and that it anticipates a steady increase in the population of the city.

If the devélopment now projected continues, private owners are expected to build homes in this attractive district. A few years may see established there a new, desirable, middle-high-class residential district which will be most convenient to the retail district of Edmonton.

The district is already served by good street car and educational facilities, and, with the establishment in due course of an overhead bridge across the Canadian National railway yards at 109th street, residences in this district will be very conveniently reached from downtown.

Last Dance of Winter Season

A VERY enjoyable dance was held at the Carlton hall on March 29th which, to our regret, is the last of a series given by the H.B.A.A.A. for the season.

A big crowd of the employees and their friends was present. We should like to see more of the executives take an active interest in these social occasions, for not more than two were present at this last dance of the season. Remember, a man is no older than he feels. The committee is to be congratulated on their efforts in making this last dance such an enjoyable event.

Almost every day in the week some unique and original H.B.C. window display can be seen. The crowds of people who daily throng the sidewalk in front of the windows are outspoken in their praise.

LETHBRIDGE
Store News

Managers' Conference

THE semi-monthly managers' meeting is certainly a great boon to every department. These meetings were inaugurated at the beginning of the year by Mr. Ogden, and every member has derived great benefit from them. The first and third Mondays of each month are now looked forward to with pleasure by the various department managers, who are allowed to voice their opinions and views pertaining to the store welfare.

Fashion Display

ONE of the successes of the season was the spring fashion display held by H.B.C. in the Colonial theatre on March 29th and 30th. Packed houses greeted the parade of live models on Wednesday afternoon and the two evenings following, each with two performances. The fact that this was the first showing of its kind in this city gave rise to curiosity which quickly subsided as the curtain rose and revealed a beautiful stage setting which bore evidence of what was to follow. The background was in pearl grey with a crest on each side of a gilt-edged arch in the centre hung with purple plush curtains. Two specially constructed platforms with steps leading from one to the other, including the stage, were covered with carpets and rugs. Here and there throughout stood palms, ferns, plants and flowers intermingled with singing canaries, making in all a decidely rich and appropriate setting.

At the rise of the curtain the pages, Misses Vera and Violet Ogden, daughters of the store manager, entered at the rear and walked slowly and gracefully to the front right and left stage to the delightful music of the theatre's orchestra. Then came the living models presenting the various fashions in spring and summer wear, making in all thirty changes of custumes.

The theatre management co-operated to their greatest extent and installed a special lighting effect.

Now that a thaw is general throughout southern Alberta and the lovers of outdoor recreation are beginning to stir, we all thought it advisable to make our plans for the coming season at once. A well attended meeting of the Lethbridge H.B.A.A. was held last month, when officers were elected for the ensuing six months. The summer opening of the club house and sports day will be held on May 24th at Henderson Lake.

Answer to "A Challenge"

WITH regard to the challenge issued by Calgary, Mr. Sangster wishes to point out that mere size is not quality and would refer the writer to the May issue of *The Beaver* to see what Lethbridge branch can do in the way of a style show. Without further remarks in praise of ourselves we would like to bring to the attention of the writer of "A Challenge" the following comments by the press (entirely unsolicited):

> *Exquisite creations were seen on beautiful living models at the Fashion Show staged by the Hudson's Bay Company at the Colonial theatre last night, and the hundreds who witnessed the array of spring and summer styles were unanimous in pronouncing them the finest collection of feminine apparel ever displayed at a showing in the city.*
>
> *These ladies were admirably chosen, for they wore the gowns with pronounced grace and charm, exhibiting a poise that could scarcely be hoped for outside of the fashion establishments. The staging of the exhibition by the Hudson's Bay Company and the Colonial theatre management was magnificently done. Nothing was spared to make the stage a revelation of artistic color and refinement, the soft decorative and lighting effects bringing out fully the richness and beauty of the gowns. Ferns and cut flowers, and woven into all the familiar crest of "The Bay," the watchword for merchandising for centuries, contributed to the attractiveness of the lavish settings.*
>
> *Every feature of the models was in perfect harmony, and the pictures presented behind the footlights were like pages from the Fairyland of Lovely Clothes.*

CALGARY

Editor's Note—*Announcement is made that Mr. E. L. Blake has been appointed associate editor of The Beaver for Calgary, succeeding the late Mr. F. R. Reeve in that capacity.*

Opportunity

—In the H.B.C. Service

RECENTLY there has been in quick succession a number of very pointed demonstrations of the opportunities continually present within the ranks of the Hudson's Bay staff.

The promotions right here at Calgary, within a few weeks' span, of *A. D. Vair, R. W. Gibson, J. Shapter, J. S. Smith* and *E. L. Blake* only emphasize the old saying that "opportunity waits just around the corner."

Nor does the lesson end here, for even now a big opportunity is awaiting someone, opened by the elevation of Mr. Smith to the headship of the H.B.C. Saskatoon store; for who will deny that the opportunity in the merchandise manager's office is a big one?

In fact, in considering the 252 years' history of the Hudson's Bay Company, one of the most outstanding features to the thoughtful reader is the remarkable number of opportunities this Company has created and is still creating for those in its ranks.

From the days of the old adventurers, when, as one writer has graphically put it, "the raw Scottish lad only a few months out from the Old Country oftentimes found himself in absolute command of a territory larger than the whole of his native land," down to the present time there have been and are wonderful opportunities in the Hudson's Bay Service.

But, you ask, "what does all this mean to me—to us? Five or even six promotions out of several hundred doesn't give ME an opportunity." True; but the thought is this: let us keep constantly in mind the fact that opportunities are actually always opening to the end that we shall not despair and thus unfit ourselves to grasp or even to see our opportunity when it does come. Let us always remember that thinking and feeling ahead of the

game, or, in other words, studying the methods of the man higher up, seeing how he gets his results and planning how we may apply his methods or improved adaptations of them to our own work, will never harm us. On the contrary it has been repeatedly demonstrated that those who do this improve their own chances by increasing their ability to see and to grasp, to understand and to enjoy.

J. S. Smith, Esq.

J. S. Smith to Saskatoon as General Manager

J. S. SMITH, for three years merchandise manager of H.B.C. Calgary store, was last month made general manager of the Company's new retail branch at Saskatoon.

Starting as a delivery boy at the H.B.C. store in Morden, Manitoba, September 4th, 1892, Mr. Smith has made his way up the ladder of success, thirty years continuously in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company.

He was moved from Morden to Yorkton, Saskatchewan, in 1899. Two years later he was made manager of that store, remaining until 1914 when he was transferred to the Lethbridge branch as manager.

In 1919, Mr. Smith was transferred to Calgary, where he has been merchandise manager until recently.

In Saskatoon, Mr. Smith takes up a big job. The large store building recently purchased by Hudson's Bay Company from J. F. Cairns, Limited, is to be made into a genuine Hudson's Bay branch from the basement up. Mr. Smith will build up his own organization according to Hudson's Bay standards.

On the eve of his departure from Calgary, Mr. Smith was given a farewell spread in the Tapestry Room by the department heads of the Calgary store. As mementoes of his associations here, a fine watch, a complete general manager's traveling trunk, and a silver mounted casserole were presented by Mr. Sparling.

Mr. J. L. Letroy has been appointed as assistant to Mr. Brower to take the place of Mr. Maddock, recently promoted. Mr. Letroy comes from St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, where he was assistant manager of Woolworth stores. He has been in the men's furnishings department at Calgary for some time, and his appointment as assistant comes as a reward of creditable service.

H. Jeffires, who has been with the Company for ten years and who recently has held the position of cashier, left the Service to take a position in the city hall. On leaving the store a very pleasing little ceremony took place, when Mr. A. D. Vair, on behalf of his fellow workers, presented Mr. Jeffires with a pipe and cigarette holder.

Miss N. Morris, of the credit office, has recently been promoted to the head cashier's position.

We are glad to welcome back Miss Seaman, of the general manager's office, after a second attack of the 'flu, which necessitated her absence from business for five weeks.

P. M. Rennie, who for the past six months has held the position of accountant at this branch, but who was better known in the liquor department of the Hudson's Bay stores where he had served for some twelve years, has recently severed his connection with the Company to take up his residence in Vancouver, where he will be connected in his former line of work. Although Mr. Rennie was only in this store a short time, he made many friends, and on behalf of these Mr. Smith, merchandise manager, presented him with a leather club bag.

Many changes have taken place in the H.B.C. Calgary store of late, one of the most recent being the transfer of Mrs. McKay to the second floor to take over the duties of Mr. MacDonald, buyer of whitewear, corsets and underwear. The staff on the second floor extend to Mrs. McKay a hearty welcome and promise to be as loyal to her as they have been to Mr. MacDonald, who is now buyer of jewelry, leather goods and notions.

Picked Up on the Third Floor

Who was the "gentleman" whose name appeared on the ladies' swimming list, and is he fully qualified as a "member" of such a "beauty club?"

Speaking of golf, we, on the third floor, miss the charming presence of our "golf expert," who is "caddie" of the latest department in our store, the "indoor golf house."

In anticipation of a great baseball season, we prophesy that our "Babe Ruth" (Sam McKellar) will shatter last year's records.

There was great excitement on the third floor last month when a curtain was burned. Fortunately no damage was done, but who was the very gallant gentleman who rushed around the floor with his little sprinkler and quite forgot to use it?

Front Row (l. to r.)—F. Skinner (killed in action), W. Fido, F. Davis (killed in action), W. Furber (killed in action), W. Austen.
Second Row—Andy Vair, George Benson, D. Morris.
Back Row—Unknown, Jim Gow, B. Scraefield, A. Burgess, J. Campbell, J. Butterfield, Geo. Gauld, Jock Gow, J. M. Baker, J. Braidwood, Arthur Knott (killed in action).

A. D. Vair *R. W. Gibson* *E. L. Blake*

Promotions

A. D. VAIR, for several years assistant accountant for the store, has been made accountant and R. W. Gibson, of hockey and baseball fame, has been made assistant.

Both these men are well known in Calgary and among members of the H.B.C. staff here and in other branches.

Mr. Vair was born in Scotland and started his business career in the manner many successful men are fond of telling, that is to say "as an office boy," with Lowe-Donald Company of Peebles, Scotland. He came to Canada in 1910 and to Calgary in 1911. With the exception of a short period, he has been connected with the Hudson's Bay Company ever since, starting in as assistant invoice clerk and rising to assistant accountant. The latter position he held about three years prior to his recent appointment as chief.

Mr. Gibson is a Canadian, well known in Calgary and elsewhere as an athlete. He was five years with the Montreal branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce before joining the Hudson's Bay staff over three years ago as head of the invoice department.

E. L. Blake, who has been acting as advertising manager since a short time after the death of Mr. Reeve, has now received his appointment as advertising manager. He entered the service of the Company in September, 1920.

In view of the fact that Mr. Chamberlain's incubator will hatch this month, we can picture the said Ralph looking over his glasses to count his wee chicks.

Much sympathy was felt for Mrs. Adshead, of the ladies' ready-to-wear department, on account of the sudden death of her father recently.

KAMLOOPS
Store News

Fashion Show

ALTHOUGH perhaps we may not be large enough to "put on the airs" that Calgary branch does, we boldly accept the challenge of the ready-to-wear department of Calgary in regard to our fashion show. We feel confident that we can compete with any of the larger branches in the style and display of our garments, not forgetting the magnificent showing of our mannequins on March 23rd and 24th.

Like our sister store of Victoria, we feel that we, too, can lead the way when it comes to a display of spring fashions.

March 23rd and 24th, 1922, will always be memorial days in the minds of the citizens of "the place in the sun," as marking the first appearance of the fashion show, as staged by Miss Hartnett, of the ready-to-wear department, supported by mannequins from the ready-to-wear, staples and confectionery; also by the little daughters of the manager, Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Strevens, of the grocery department.

Promptly at 3 o'clock the promenade started from behind curtains in the west end of the showroom to the strains of the music.

The platform was elevated about three feet from the floor, on which the mannequins (five in all) promenaded, then descended to the floor of the ready-to-wear, and finally circled back behind the curtains to change for the next display.

The crowd was spellbound from start to finish at the magnificent display, which occupied two hours of both afternoons.

The interior of the ready-to-wear department was adorned with ferns and foliage and singing birds. Many regrets were uttered by the crowds of people who were turned away each day. All were unanimous in the great credit due to the mannequins—Miss Sargent, of the ready-to-wear; Miss Muir, of the confectionery; Miss Sargent, of the staples; little Miss Phyllis Andrews and Miss Constance Strevens, who ably performed their parts.

We have had considerable sickness this spring among the staff, the most serious case being that of Mr. J. Walker, who has been confined to his home with rheumatic fever for the past five weeks. He is improving very slowly.

Mr. Macnab, of the office staff, is back again after two weeks' illness.

Mr. Sargent is confined to his home and is progressing favorably.

Miss Hughey, of the office staff, had to resign her position on account of ill-health.

We are pleased to welcome Miss Nixon on the office staff, filling the position vacated by Miss Hughey. Here is hoping that you prove as good an acquisition to the Company as your father has.

We had a visitor in the store a few days ago, Mr. W. E. McKay, nephew of an old Hudson's Bay Factor at Battleford and Fort Pitt, Saskatchewan, by the name of Wm. McKay. He was pensioned by the Company about 1870 and died about 1872. Mr. W. E. McKay is making his home in Savona, B.C., about eighteen miles from Kamloops.

VERNON
Store News

Spotting Specials

OUR latest in advertising stunts is arousing more than a passing interest as it stops up the passer-by.

It is called the "spotlight special." A window is darkened in the evening and a bright light is brought to bear on the particular article specially marked down for the following day.

Our advertisements call attention to it and the curiosity of the public to ascertain what it is is thereby aroused and, as they are passing the store in the evening, they remember when they see the "lone bright light," stop up, and become interested.

Department managers Lanceley and Caspell have returned from Calgary full of enthusiasm for the new scheme of collective buying. They were like the ladies at the bargain sales; they wished they had more money to spend.

To create novelty and arouse interest, our department managers seem to have hit on a good scheme in changing their window displays every second or third day. Vernon people dearly love a change, and after all what lady doesn't like to see the store windows when down town, especially when they have something in them she hasn't seen there before?

Now that curling, bobbed-hair, ice hockey and flapper skirts are out of date, we are trying to arouse some enthusiasm among the staff in tennis. Don't all send in your names at once!

Congratulations, H.B.C.! If you were a lady we would almost be afraid to mention your age. "*Mony may ye see!*"

COME TO THE WEST, DEARIE

By Robert Watson

Come, dearie! come to the West with me.
  Beauty pines in the shadow—
Weep no more for the things that be;
  Love is our Eldorado!
Over the waves where the wild birds shriek;
Over the prairie, vast and bleak;
Up and over the mountain peak
  Till again we scent the sea.
There, dear heart, is the land we seek.
  Come, oh, come with me!

Come, dearie! come to the West with me.
  Voices afar are calling—
Thistle-down on the wind blows free,
  And perfumed cones are falling.
Bees are droning in homeward flight;
The sun caresses the hills good-night;
The wild-cat purrs to her forest wight;
  And the stream croons on to the sea.
Our cabin glows with a cheery light.
  Come, oh, come with me!

VICTORIA

Managers' Monthly Meeting

AT the monthly meeting of managers held on Monday, April 3rd, the guest of the evening was Mr. W. W. Fraser, manager of the China department in the Vancouver store.

General Manager Porte presided, and after introducing Mr. Fraser read the following verses:

IT'S ALL IN THE STATE OF MIND

If you think you are beaten, you are;
  If you think that you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,
  It's almost a "cinch" you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
  For out in the world you find
Success begins with a fellow's will;
  It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost
  Ere even a step is run,
And many a coward fails
  Ere even his work's begun.
Think big and your deeds will grow,
  Think small and you'll fall behind.
Think that you can and you will;
  It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are.
  You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
  You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
  To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
  Is the fellow who thinks he can.

After the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, many useful suggestions were forthcoming from the various managers, particularly in regard to the H.B.C. May Anniversary sale.

The prospects for the coming spring and summer business were considered extremely bright, and a distinct note of optimism was struck through the whole meeting.

The mail order department came in for a good deal of discussion, and it was decided to give more attention to the advertising of this branch of the business.

The question of local advertising also received attention, and many useful ideas were adopted and decided to put into force.

Favorable comments were heard in regard to the recent window demonstration by the upholstery department and it was decided to extend this form of publicity to other departments where possible.

The suggestion to have a special table in the private dining room for the use of managers was also adopted.

JAILLESS CRIMES

Killing time.
Hanging pictures.
Stealing the puck.
Shooting the chutes.
Running over a new song.
Smothering a laugh.
Setting fire to a heart.
Murdering the English language.

A certain young lady on the second floor, whose retiring disposition prompts her to request us not to mention her name, was hostess to about fifty of her friends at a delightful informal dance held last month at the Old Men's home. It was anything but an old man's affair, however, and it is difficult to understand why this above all places was chosen, unless it was just to be a little different from a recent gathering of the store employees at the Young Men's home (the Y.M.C.A.). But please, Miss Modesty, let us know when the next one is to take place and we shall be there with "bells on."

Basket Ball

THE Hudson's Bay gymnasium on Broad street has been the scene of many exciting games of basketball during the last few weeks.

Great enthusiasm has been shown in this the latest athletic venture of the employees' association, resulting in the formation of two excellent basketball teams who declare they are ready to meet all comers.

The ladies' A team is as follows: Captain, Miss F. Bailey; Miss. I. McLean, Miss A. Redhead, Miss V. Butt, Miss T. Furguson, Miss Glass (spare).

The men's A team: Captain W. Heaney; G. Harris, E. Bayliss, F. Richardson, H. Mercer, E. Pollock, G. McDonald (spare).

Every week some outside organization are the guests of the Hudson's Bay association. The visitors bring with them their basketball teams.

So popular have these events become that it is difficult even in the large gynmasium to accommodate the crowd.

The evenings conclude with a short programme of dancing, thanks to our genial friend Tom Beattie, who is always ready to assist in these gatherings with his wonderful orchestra.

Ladies' Drill Class

A DRILL class has lately been organized which has proved popular among the ladies of the store.

The class of about fifty is in charge of Sergeant-Major A. E. Haines, who is ably assisted by Captain P. N. A. Smith, and great credit is due to these two gentlemen for their untiring efforts in making the class such a big success.

On walking through the store one may quite easily pick out the drill enthusiasts, for there they are, with their smiling faces and ready alertness, intent upon selling two or three times the amount of merchandise that a customer happens to ask for.

To be mentally alert and 100 per cent. efficient it is necessary to be physically fit, and this fact alone, apart from the many other advantages which the drill class offers, should be a sufficient inducement to join.

H.B.E.A.

SUCCESS seems to follow the Hudson's Bay employees' association in Victoria, for every social or athletic gathering usually surpasses any previous effort.

We have every reason to be proud of the achievements of the association in regard to both the social and athletic events. It is pleasing to remember that though only a few months ago many members were strangers to one another in Victoria branch, owing to the activities of the association numerous friendships have been created.

The "one big family" idea suggested by our president, Mr. G. A. H. Porte, at the first staff banquet has firmly taken root, and a feeling of good fellowship exists throughout the staff. The spirit of co-operation reflects favorably upon all who visit the store, and this factor has greatly assisted in making Hudson's Bay the most popular store in Victoria.

The officers and members of the association eagerly look forward to the future with confidence. The mistakes of yesterday will be but guiding lights of tomorrow, while past successes will fade before the overwhelming success which the store and its employees' association hope to achieve in the days to come.

How Many of These Can You Answer?

A LIST of questions to which the employees of the wash goods department of a large New York store are expected to be able to answer with a rating of 100 per cent. at a moment's notice has been composed by the personnel department of the store. They are:

1. Is the merchandise in the department arranged according to size, color, price, kind or brand?

2. In giving samples
    - (*a*) How should they be cut?
    - (*b*) How should they be marked?

3. Name three guaranteed materials in the department and state for what they are guaranteed.

4. How should a customer be advised to wash delicate materials?

5. How should a customer be advised to set the following colors before washing:
    - (*a*) Blue?
    - (*b*) Black?
    - (*c*) Green?
    - (*d*) Pink?

6. How would you figure the dressmakers' inside price and discount on five yards of voile at $1.75 a yard?

7. In what widths are these materials carried:
    - (*a*) Handkerchief linen?
    - (*b*) Gingham?
    - (*c*) Dimity?
    - (*d*) Organdie?

8. How many yards are required for the following purposes:
    - (*a*) Voile to make a dress for a medium sized woman?
    - (*b*) Gingham to make a dress for a medium sized woman?
    - (*c*) Dimity to make a dress for a medium sized woman?
    - (*d*) Percale to make a bungalow apron?
    - (*e*) Organdie to make a collar and cuff set?
    - (*g*) Nainsook to make a nightgown?

9. Name three kinds of each of these materials carried in stock:
    - (*a*) All wool flannel?
    - (*b*) Cotton and wool flannel?
    - (*c*) Imported materials?

VANCOUVER

It is with regret that owing to illness Miss Grace McDonald has been advised to resign her position with the store.

Mrs. Brennam, for nearly two years in the millinery section, has left the Company to take the position of stewardess of the beautiful R.M.Ss. *Empress of Asia*. She was the successful candidate selected from 170 applicants, a tribute to the efficiency of the Company's employees.

Mr. W. H. Sharpe and Mr. G. Crump are still in Europe having the time of their lives to beat values they've been able to find in Canada and the U.S.A.

Miss R. Smith, manager of the art needlework section, has gone to London and Paris for new ideas and models. Trust her to keep her section a little ahead of her competitors.

Other buyers in the east at the time of going to press include Messrs. G. Sewell, of the stationery section, W. R. Boyle, of the ladies' ready-to-wear, and Mr. G. Sparling, of the men's clothing.

Salesmanship

By Westerner

AFTER all is said salesmanship is just ordinary "horse sense" and well within the grasp of every one. Experience teaches tact and judgment. This is salesmanship. I have in mind a man who can go over any ground and sell more merchandise than anyone I've ever heard of, but *he cannot go twice*.

Always be careful and avoid this kind of salesmanship. To be a real salesman you must have honesty of purpose, study your customer's every move, follow the leads they give, then cater to their wishes in a quiet, unobtrusive manner and you will succeed.

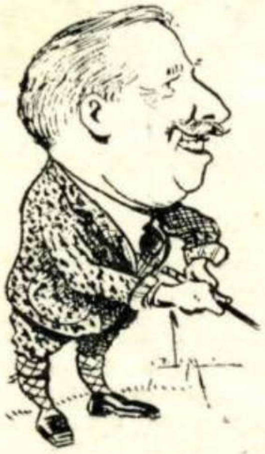
A few years ago I had the pleasure of serving one of the Company's customers quite often, but always found it very difficult in getting her attention for anything that wasn't on her list. One day, by some fortunate circumstance, I produced a piece of old rose material. She immediately hesitated and appeared to "wake up." I never had any trouble afterwards. This color, I found, was always irresistible to her.

Another very good customer would come and sit leisurely at the counter and chat as if next week would do. To be successful here the clerk had to adopt the same attitude, and if he did he would be rewarded with a good-sized bill, but if he appeared hurried or allowed his attention to be taken in the slightest he would get very little. These two cases simply needed judgment and tact on the part of the salesman, and could be handled by anyone exercising these principles.

A few years ago a customer of the store came along seeking a position in the dressmaking department for her daughter and necessary arrangements were made, but after one week's trial the young lady came with tears in her eyes stating that she didn't like dressmaking and would like to be placed in the store. After some little discussion, she was perfectly satisfied to dust boxes and keep the ladies' knit underwear straight, and she did it to perfection. She never had much to say. This same young woman in a very short time became one of our foremost saleswomen, and everyone wondered how her tally came up so well. Her address was not good, but her quiet manner along with tact and judgment got her the business.

Some years ago a man went into a store in London, England, bumped into a young genial fellow and asked for a spool of linen thread, which was promptly and pleasantly supplied. While the change was being made the customer said, "You sell furniture, don't you?" "Why, yes," replied the clerk, "we have a very complete line of furniture and bedding. Let me show you through." The bill totalled over $600.

Tact and judgment got this business, and you can get it too; just keep cool, pay strict attention, and if a customer says black is white let it pass. Never dispute with a customer, just keep smiling and you will win.



Mr. Lockyer Begins the Season Early

TO a man who can control a huge department store and still keep smiling golf does not present any insoluble problems. After all a golf ball does not argue in the same way that a lady customer can do. Hence H. T. Lockyer smiles his breezy way over the Shaughnessy Heights links as if he had not a care in the world. If he, perchance, lands in a bunker, keeping customers a little more than satisfied has schooled him to meet the situation. Does a vicious swipe fail to move the ball very fast, he applies merchandising methods to it and, lo! it speeds on its way. Your present-day merchant prince is not greatly upset because one method will not do; he looks around and applies another. If the spoon fails why not get results with a mashie. A companionable player who has all the zest of a tyro and the poise of one accustomed to the meeting of emergencies. If he lacks the ease of Vardon, certainly he gets as much pleasure out of the game as that great veteran.—*Vancouver Daily Province,* April 12th, 1922.

A Party for Miss Harper

A PARTY of friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Harper, 557 Lonsdale Avenue, North Vancouver, on April 11th, the occasion being the coming of age of their daughter Bessie, one of the store's elevator operators. Music, games and dancing featured the evening.

The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harper, Mr. and Mrs. G. Thompson, Mrs. R. Clayton, Miss Ursula Harper, Miss Bessie Harper, Mrs. Jack, Mrs. Wittaker, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Rowe, Miss McIluaine, Miss Keen, Miss Crowder, Miss Bigsworth, Miss Hill, Miss Lane, Miss A. Tough, Miss F. Tough, Miss I. Bunch, Miss Eastwood, Mr. W. Wilson, Mr. Taylor, Mr. H. Howe, Mr. Lou Squaire, Mr. Sturgeon, Mr. Stocks, Mr. C. Cant, Mr. A. Bull, Mr. B. Fletcher, Mr. Ramsay, Mr. Connelly, Mr. F. Millhouse, Mr. J. Orr, Mr. F. Nichol and Mr. Loffmark.

Miss Harper

Business as It Is

By F. S. GARNER

WE all realize what tremendous responsibilities the executives of great businesses have to face today.

Business men everywhere call it the adjustment period. Prices are dropping—there is little or no reduction in overhead expenses; in fact in some instances they are ahead of what they were a year ago. Business was never so crucial as it is now, and it requires more than the energy and wisdom of management to maintain the good showing that the company has learned to expect of Vancouver.

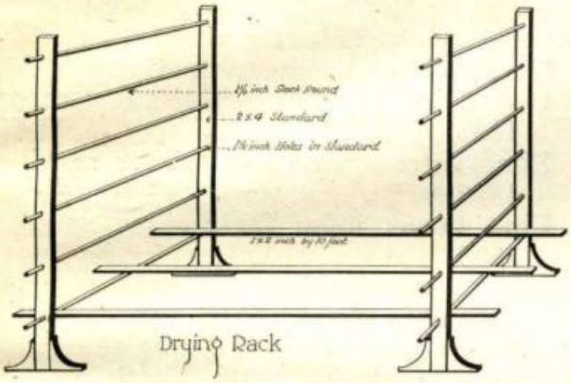
This is a time when it is necessary that each individual should do his whole part, and a little more. It's a time of the survival of the fittest. Not that hard times are here, but that soft times are gone.

It's a time of testing for salesmen: a chance for everyone to prove whether they can sell or not. And while it's necessary for every salesperson to do his utmost to make sales, it is necessary too for those who do no selling to do their part in saving. Wrappers, save paper and string. Drivers, save gas and tires. Porters, do your work quickly and well. But why enumerate other examples? Everything might be summed up in the one word *loyalty*. Are we as loyal as we can be? Work loyally and times will grow brighter with each succeeding day.

Notice

THE catalogue of the Hudson's Bay historical exhibit has been published and the exhibit at Winnipeg is open to the public.

Five hundred copies of the catalogue have been reserved for readers of *The Beaver*. If you wish a copy please write.—The Editor.



Efficiency Stunts

III—Collapsible Rack

HERE we have a real space and time saver. Have you ever had to paint 500 floor blocks, or 100 pieces of 1 by 6 inches 10 or 12 feet long, or 50 shields, and successfully dry them?

Could you get floor space enough to stand them around? And wouldn't it have been far better to have had the work lying flat while drying?

We used to work under these difficulties until we made this rack, and we consider it to be one of our best "stunts."

In making, do not follow the drawing too closely, as it is only intended to convey the idea.

We made ours 7 feet high with 6 inches between the holes. The poles are about five feet long and are made of 1¼-inch stock around, and the holes in the standards 1½-inch, so that you may easily take the rack to pieces when not in use and pack it away. The three slats which we show in the drawing are 1x2 inches, 10 feet long, and of course we have three for each pair of poles.

This rack occupies, when in use, 50 square feet of floor space, will give you 600 feet of drying rack, and when not in use will take up only about 4 feet.

If you want any further explanation drop the Vancouver display department a post card.

H.B.E.A. Dance

ONE of the gayest and most enjoyable dances held by the H.B.E.A. took place at the Navy League hall on March 28th.

Upwards of three hundred people were present, the guests of the evening including Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Lockyer, Mrs. Leonard Lockyer and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Watson.

Dancing commenced at 9 p.m. to the music of Billie Garden's orchestra, and from then on till 1 o'clock in the morning there wasn't a single dull moment. So successful was the event another dance was planned for April 19th. This is expected to be the last of the season, and efforts are being made to make it one that will go down in the memory as the best of the series.

Store Happenings

We welcome back Miss S. McLean after an absence of six months, during which time she underwent a serious operation.

Miss Engleman has left to be married after six years' service in the store. Before leaving for southern California, she was presented with a beautiful set of Community silver.

Miss E. Harling, cashier on the second floor, has left us to be married to Mr. John West. We trust that the changing of her name will add another to this store's list of satisfied patrons.

The entire staff offer their sympathy to Mrs. Parker, whose husband last month was run down by a motor car and killed.

Mrs. Young has fully recovered from her recent severe sickness, which necessitated her being absent from the millinery section for seven weeks.

Who knows who the lady is in the telephone exchange who has promised to change her name shortly? There is nothing in the world to equal married life. Ask a policeman.

Mr. A. Taylor, who did faithful service for the Company as floor superintendent, has been recently appointed as special service manager for the store.

The lower main floor and delivery section offer congratulations to Mr. J. Morris, who recently became father of twin boys, each weighing eight pounds. Is it any wonder that he is wearing a smile that won't wear off?

Mr. B. M. Clarke, suffering from a little white spot on the top of his head, has just returned from a buying trip in the Eastern markets. Mr. Clark says it was the most "hair-raising" trip he ever made.

Anniversary

By F. S. GARNER

WE have got so accustomed to birthdays, most of us, that it is questionable if we fully appreciate the significance of being able to join in the observance of a 252nd Anniversary of the oldest mercantile institution in the British Empire.

Two and a half centuries ago occurred the most memorable of all events in Canadian history. Had not the Hudson's Bay Company then been born, perhaps Canada would not be the important country it is today.

The story of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose coming largely shaped the destinies of the Northwest, is a profound inspiration, a notable example of that indomitable spirit to succeed for which the British have always been famous. What the H.B.C. set out to do in keeping with their charter, they accomplished. They explored the far north, conquering the wilds and pathways that none other but the Indian and wild beast had trod, and opened up districts that since have become villages and towns. But the surrendering of its Imperial sovereignty to Canada in 1869 was a beginning of a new era for the Company. It increased its number of fur posts and developed the old posts in the cities that had sprung up about them into modern department stores.

Today the Company's stores stretch across Canada from east to west, and although it is 252 years old, it still possesses the agility displayed at its inception and adheres strictly to the principle laid down in the beginning of giving a full measure of value in return for that received.

During the period from its receiving its charter until now, many interesting things in the nation's history have taken place, from a political point of view as well as from the viewpoint of education. Especially is this true of the past century, viz:

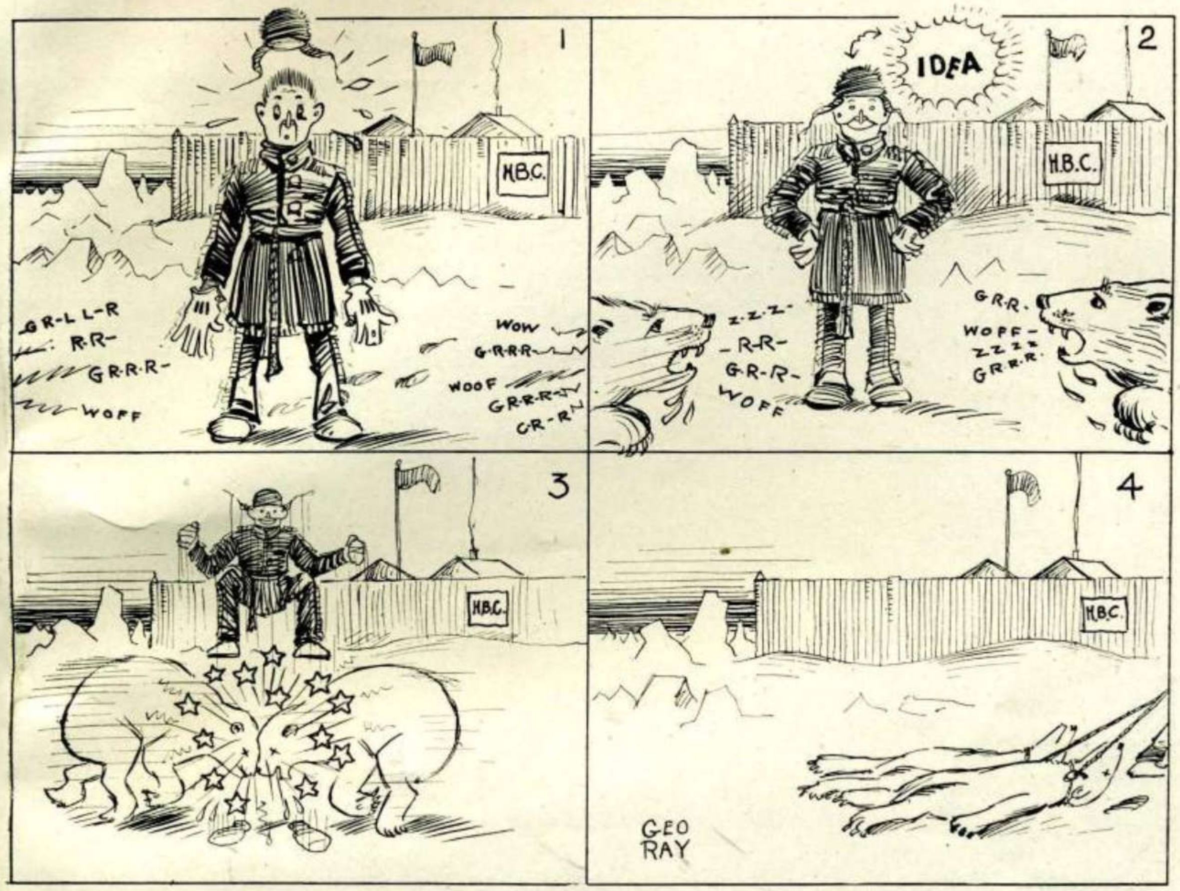
First railroad in America 1828.
London Bridge was opened 1830.
Chloroform was discovered 1831.
Hosiery made by machine 1831.
Rebellion in Canada 1837.
One-day clocks invented 1837.
Queen Victoria came to the throne 1837.
Gold thimbles and spectacles first made 1838.
First patent for India rubber making 1839.
First power loom for making carpets 1839.
Sewing machine invented 1841.
The Oregon Treaty 1846.
Gold discovered in California 1848.
French revolution 1848.
First Atlantic cable laid 1858.
Telephone invented by A. Bell, 1876.
Gas engine invented 1877.
First phonograph 1878.
Electric light perfected 1878.
Talking machine by Edison 1878.
Tuberculosis germ discovered 1882.
First trolley car 1884.
H.B.C. store opened in Vancouver 1886.

And since that time the Company's store has grown steadily, keeping pace with the development of the city.

Anniversary sales of the Company became an institution through Vancouver branch. The first one was held by Vancouver in 1904. That year it was held in November at a time when business was dull and to create a busy season at perhaps the dullest season of the year. In 1910 the sale was held in May, and has become an event in the Company's business year which thousands of people in this vicinity and miles around watch for with eager eyes and patronize generously.

Planned along lines that have heretofore made these events so successful, and with the advantage of the new H.B.C. concerted buying policy, we believe this Anniversary Sale will eclipse all former events, create a new record in sales volume, and incidentally create a new host of friends by selling "Seal of Quality" merchandise at low prices.

AN ACROBAT WHO WENT UP NORTH


1
GR-LL-R
R-R-
GR-R-R-
WOFF
H.B.C.
WOW
G-R-R-R-
WOOF
GR-R-R-
G-R-R
2
IDEA
H.B.C.
Z-Z-Z-
-R-R-
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WOFF
G-R-R-
WOFF-
Z-Z-Z
GR-R-R-
3
H.B.C.
4
H.B.C.
GEO
RAY

REGRET

The Great-West Life Assurance Company is daily paying out large sums of money to policyholders whose contracts have matured. The profits added to the originally stipulated sum are so surprising to the many that scores of letters are received expressing regret that the writers had not taken insurance many times more than the amount they did.

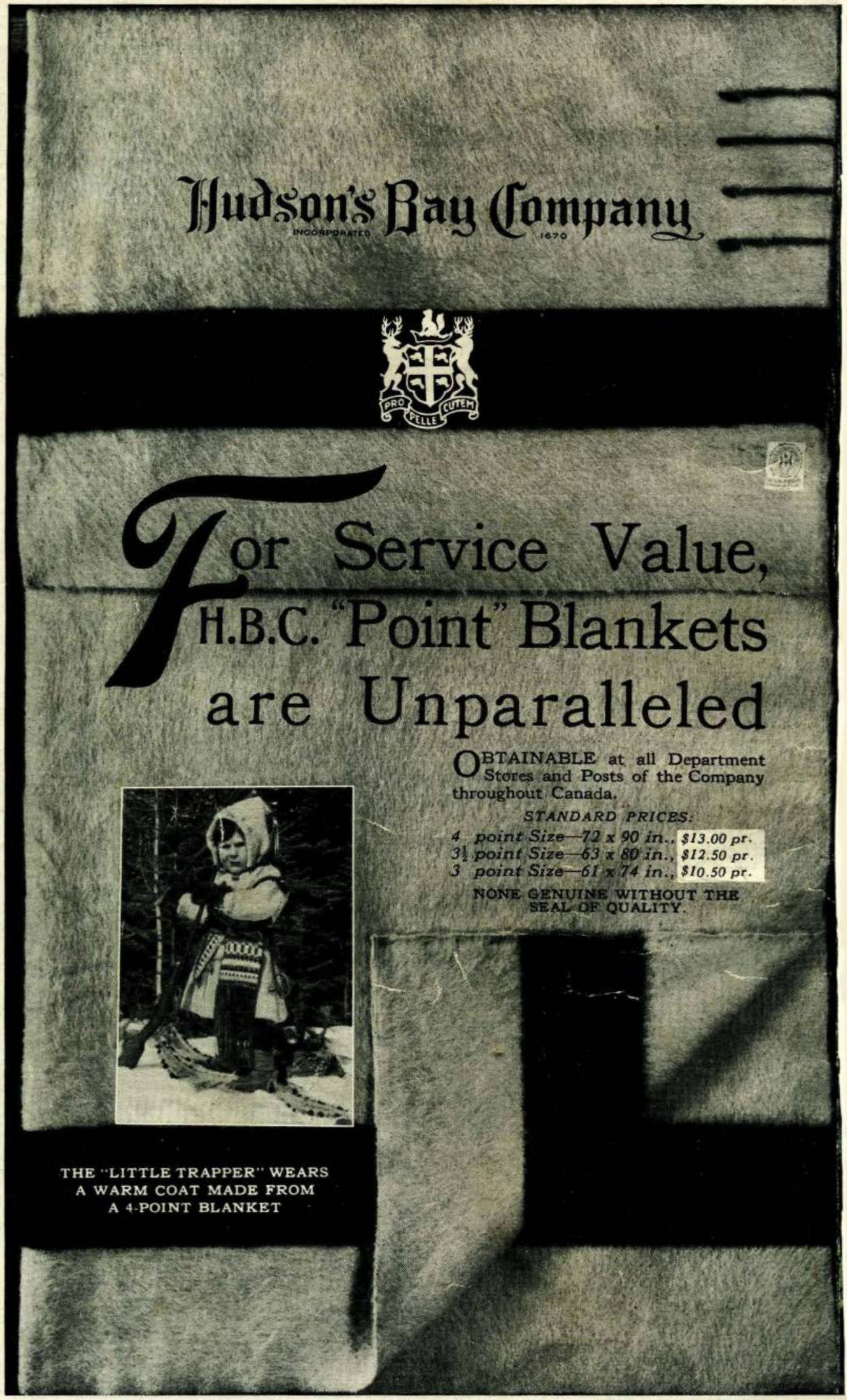
Not surprising at all—the Company's watch words are "Service to Policyholders"—meaning rigid economy, advantageous investments and careful selection of risks.

The moral is: If a policyholder, increase the amount of your insurance; if not, write the Company and let them explain their many attractive plans.

Write, giving date of birth, to

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "D.30" **Head Office: WINNIPEG**



Hudson's Bay Company

INCORPORATED 1670

For Service Value, H.B.C. "Point" Blankets are Unparalleled

OBTAINABLE at all Department Stores and Posts of the Company throughout Canada.

STANDARD PRICES:

4 point Size—72 x 90 in., ***$13.00 pr.***
3½ point Size—63 x 80 in., ***$12.50 pr.***
3 point Size—61 x 74 in., ***$10.50 pr.***

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE SEAL OF QUALITY.

THE "LITTLE TRAPPER" WEARS A WARM COAT MADE FROM A 4-POINT BLANKET

NOTE: PRICES OF BLANKETS AS ABOVE DO NOT APPLY AT FUR TRADE POSTS